HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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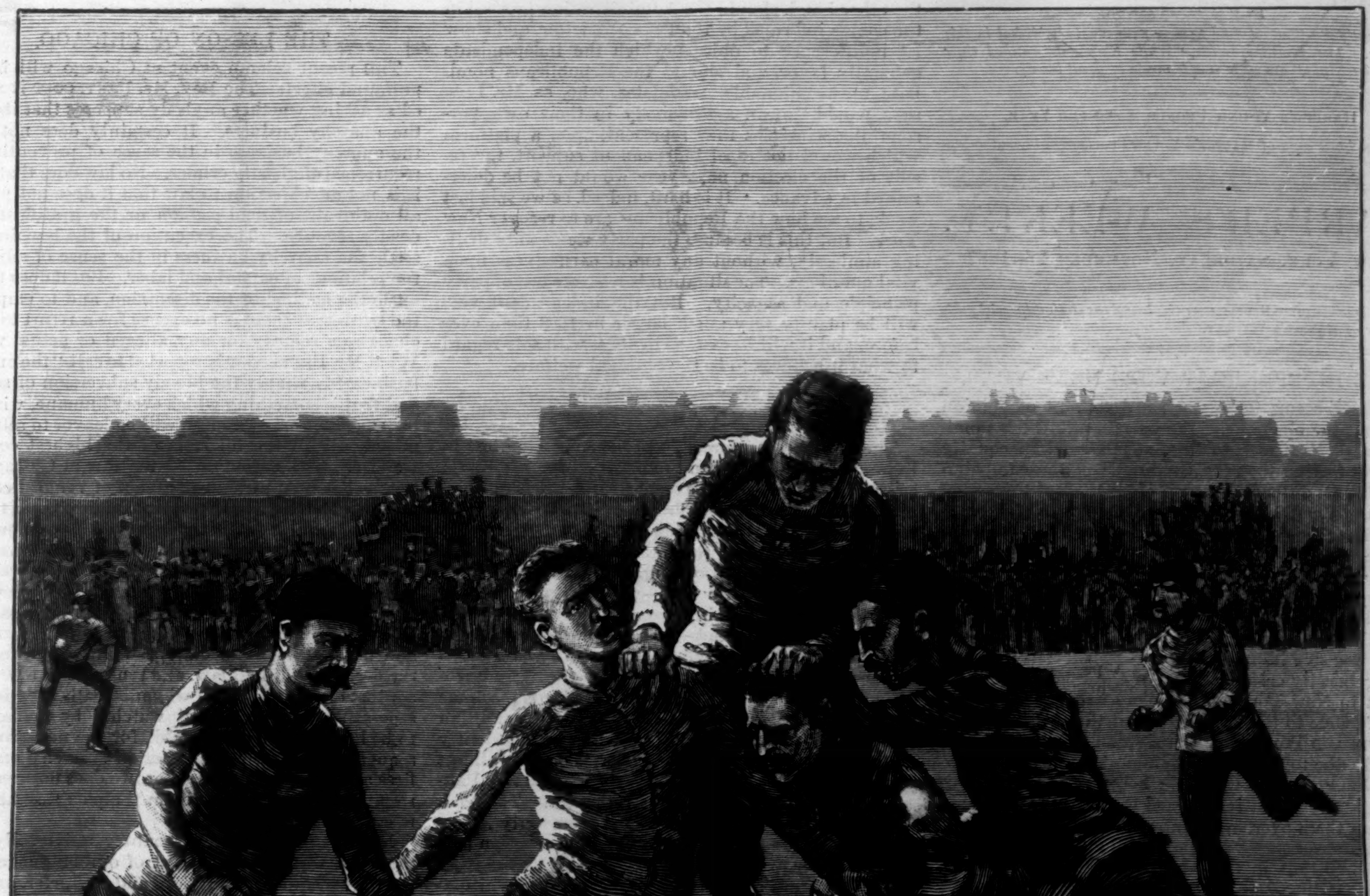

COLLEGE PLAYERS AT FOOT-BALL—"A TACKLE AND BALL-DOWN."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 859.]

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued November 22d is a Thanksgiving Number. Prominent among its contents is a story entitled

THE SILVER PARTY,
BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "JO'S BOYS," ETC.

It has three illustrations by C. D. WELDON.

"The Fish of Gold that Sang" is the title of a poem by MARY E. WILKINS, *which is accompanied by a full-page illustration by* ALFRED FREDERICKS.

"After the 'Cotton-Tails'" is an article on rabbit hunting by FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL,
BY P. A. SCHNEEKER,

and beautifully illustrated by ALBERT STERNER, *is published in this number. The familiar words, "While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night," are set to simple music of great beauty.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTE NEXT YEAR.

THERE seems to be a general consent of opinion that the elections of the year foreshow the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND next year, and an equally general feeling that the conditions of the campaign of 1888 will differ from those of 1884. But the actual result of the election of next year is not so clearly indicated. It is not evident that New York could be carried for Mr. CLEVELAND without the independent vote, and that vote would, of course, be indispensable to give him the vote of Connecticut, and it might even give him that of Massachusetts. There is no doubt that the independent vote in the uncertain States will be of decisive importance. It appears that this vote was generally cast this year for the Democratic State ticket in New York, and as there was a very decided indifference to the success of that ticket among anti-CLEVELAND Democrats, the significant result here is mainly due to the independents. Their position toward the President therefore becomes a question of great interest. It is assumed that the President has thrown them over, and is now bent upon strengthening his strict party relations. But it should be remembered that, in the sense intended, the President could not throw over the independents. They have asked no favors, and they have been his sincerest critics. Their support of him in 1884 has not made them his partisans, and their journals have spoken of him and to him more plainly than any party organs ever dare to speak of their President.

They were the earliest and severest censors of the President's HIGGINS course in Maryland. In New York in 1885 they unitedly opposed the candidate for the Governorship whom he favored, and who would have been defeated except for the BLAINE Republicans, who took care that no Republican candidate should carry in '85 the State that Mr. BLAINE had lost in '84. The President's policy of patronage in Indiana his independent supporters investigated and condemned. They were the first to expose the general partisan change in the national civil service. In the recent effort for honest reform and decent politics in Maryland, in strict accord with his own views, they took part with his principles against himself. In Massachusetts in the late election, when he declared through Mr. SALTONSTALL that the friends of the Administration would support Mr. LOVERING, the independents generally voted against Mr. LOVERING or abstained from voting; and when in New York the President intervened in the election to favor a candidate whom the best sentiment of the community opposed, the independent press left him and the country in no doubt of the independent view of his action. There has been no misunderstanding and no blindness. The independent judgment of the Executive, indeed, has not been the wholesale, despicable, and unmanly hostility of Republican and anti-CLEVELAND Democratic organs. But it has been frank and plain, and determined by definite convictions and principles. It has differed, of course, from the ordinary Republican estimate of a Democratic President, because it has made allowance for the extreme difficulties of the Executive position, and it has not snatched at every departure from consistency and sound principle as proof of dishonesty and low political cunning. But that there have been regret and disappointment among independent voters, arising from the course of the Executive, is obvious. They do not believe that the President's deference to evil political traditions has strengthened him. They think that his FELLOWS letter was a most unseemly interference with an election which did not gain him a single vote, and that his alliance with GORMAN, even in the lowest view of holding Maryland in the Democratic line, was wholly unnecessary, while it has relaxed throughout the country a moral sympathy and approval which have been his peculiar support.

This we believe to be the general independent feeling. But it does not show that the independent vote will be cast against Mr. CLEVELAND, because practical politics are always an alternative, and it is not clear that Republican success would promise better results even in those directions in which Mr. CLEVELAND has disappointed expectation, while in others it might be plainly more unpromising. Should Mr. BLAINE be nominated, or any dummy of Mr. BLAINE, there can be little question of the issue of the election: Mr. CLEVELAND would be triumphantly re-elected. On the other hand, should the Administration proceed in the course indicated by the FELLOWS letter, and show its indifference to objects which the independents generally favor, and should the Republicans nominate unexceptionable candidates, who, as Mr. LOW says, would "mean aggressively in their own persons" the principles they represent, upon a platform which would not repel independent support, the result of the election next year would not be determined in advance. It is hard, indeed, as we said last week, to see how the Republicans are to recover New York. But this is because the party seems to be drifting aimlessly, without any moral earnestness upon vital questions. The situation is a severe test of party principle and sagacity. But the independent vote will be plainly very much larger in 1888 than ever before, and it will be cast, as in 1884, with sole regard to what it believes to be the national welfare.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE attempted enforcement of the coercion law in Ireland recalls the old and familiar story. It would be wholly disheartening except for the great and significant fact that for the first time the Irish party is an English party, led by able and earnest statesmen, and that for the first time also the record of Irish history is unrolled before English eyes. Nothing is more striking in the debate—which is said to have aroused as bitter and intense animosity as has been ever known in England—than the frank confessions of Englishmen that they had never really considered the question before, and had accepted the current tradition as correct. The strongest arguments for home rule are drawn from the writings upon the condition and history of Ireland of those who now ardently oppose the Irish movement, which has become almost an English rather than an Irish question. Mr. PARNELL has been long silent and withdrawn. The Irish members of Parliament are heard from only in opposing evictions. The general public discussion proceeds all over England, and is conducted by the chief English orators and leaders, and there is plain evidence that the appeal to the judgment of England is resulting favorably to Ireland.

The chief allegation against Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends is that they are practically seeking dismemberment of the empire. Their reply is that, on the contrary, the only way to maintain the union peacefully is to remove the reasons for hostility to it. They do not deny that there is a section of Irishmen who desire separation. But it is a small one, and has visibly diminished since the prospect of favorable action. The bulk of the Irish know that separation is impossible, and if practicable would greatly injure their markets; and as a question of policy the English home-rulers ask whether the desire of separation can be best met by using the home-rule sentiment, which, although nationalist, is constitutional and not separatist, or by driving it to the extreme and irreconcilable side. Again, to the argument that Irish hatred of England is irreconcilable, and that the concession of home rule would lead to its complete gratification, the English home-rulers reply that Irish hate is exaggerated, and springs from hostility to an English official system. This hatred would necessarily decline with the removal of the obnoxious system. Once more, the agrarian discontent is really due—and of that there is no question—to the congestion or overcrowding of certain districts. The only remedy is a large emigration. But this, as Mr. MORLEY says that his experience as Irish Secretary taught him, can be effected only by Irish authority sustained by Irish opinion. Otherwise it would be only an Acadian expatriation.

But the strong practical argument lies in the necessity of recognizing the national sentiment of Ireland, and giving it fair and adequate play. Government, to be satisfactory, must be not for the people only, but by the people. Mr. MORLEY quotes the words of MILL in his *Representative Government*, which are full of practical political wisdom: "It is an inherent condition of human affairs that no intention, however sincere, of protecting the interests of others can make it safe or salutary to tie up their own hands. Still more obviously true is it that by their own hands only can any positive and durable improvement of their circumstances in life be worked out." Even Mr. DICEY, the ablest and fairest of the opponents of home rule, admits that England no less than Ireland "has suffered under a political arrangement by which legal union has failed to secure moral union," and he concedes that "one part of the United Kingdom" (meaning Ireland) is ruled "on principles which no one would venture to apply to the government of any other part of it." The English home-rulers of to-day seek to secure the union by removing the reasons of the hatred. The disappearance of Mr. GLADSTONE from the scene would be a serious blow to the home-rule cause, and there is no present prospect of any relaxation of the alliance between the "dissentient Liberals" and the Tory government. But the leaven is rapidly working among the English people, and it is certainly probable that some sort of Irish home rule will be adopted before many years.

THE LESSON OF CHICAGO.

THE recent solemn event at Chicago will have a profound effect. The Rev. Mr. PENTECOST is reported as asking whether anybody supposes that it settles the anarchy business. It certainly does not settle the anarchy business in the sense of preventing the recurrence of ghastly crimes. No law does that. But it is not an objection to law that it does not prevent all outbreaks of mad passion or the gratification of deadly revenge. The execution of the law does not settle the anarchy business in the sense of adjusting the relations of capital and labor. But it does tend to settle the method of the discussion, and to emphasize the truth that there is no excuse for a resort to social chaos as a remedy for any alleged or actual wrong. What Mr. PENTECOST is reported to call "the anarchy business" is simply the bloody subversion of society, and that is something which every humane, wise, and beneficent effort of society will endeavor to settle unmistakably in the interests of the highest common welfare. The execution of the law at Chicago was not, as has been intimated, an act of vengeance upon certain opinions and their preachers. It was the solemn declaration of the greatest of free nations, and of a nation singularly loyal to liberty, that the righting of wrongs which any citizens may believe themselves to suffer is not to be attempted by the violent overthrow of every precious right of civilized man. Whoever preaches in this country the rightfulness and necessity of immediate and universal anarchy, the destruction of all law, and the hand of every man against every other man whom he calls his enemy, is a person to be very closely watched by the law, and to be held strictly accountable for the necessary consequences of his words and actions. Even a man who fires a loaded musket into a crowd does not escape the responsibility of murder upon the plea that he didn't mean to kill anybody.

Men who come to this country universally ignorant, and especially ignorant of our language, traditions, government, condition, and character, and who begin at once to exhort poor men to seek to better themselves, not by the law, but over the law; who denounce the law as organized tyranny, and industrious, thrifty, and prosperous men as, for that reason, capitalistic demons and ruffians, and the officers of the law as slaves of despotism whom every man ought to destroy in any possible way; who intend murder, and who publish carefully devised manuals of murder and massacre, with directions for making the slaughter of innocent men and women sure—are, in the old language of the law, enemies of the human race. The lawless methods with which they would deal with honest and industrious people are not, indeed, to be turned against themselves. But they boldly declare their purposes, and when they proceed to execute them, they must be dealt with under the law promptly and effectually. The execution at Chicago is the terrible reminder of this truth. Every peaceful method of redress of any actual wrong was open to the anarchists. By the freedom of speech and of the press strained to the utmost they were at full liberty to arouse and persuade the public to elect legislators to make such laws as they desired. If they scouted and scorned such methods, defied the law, and attacked every defence of liberty, nevertheless the law would remain true, liberty under law would still continue to be the only guarantee of civilization, and the result would expose, as it has exposed, the just and resistless power of law as the will of the people.

This is the lesson of these most serious events in Chicago. They do not indicate the least want of sympathy with suffering of any kind, nor the least unwillingness to consider every proposed remedy. But they have served most startling notice upon ignorant and unscrupulous men that the great mass of the American people, while perfectly tolerant and good-natured and open to conviction, are profoundly loyal to law, and they are so because they know that law is the only authoritative expression of matured popular conviction. Anarchists may preach anarchy, and absolutists absolutism, and every dogma, whim, and fancy may be advocated by day and night, but the laws of society itself, the laws which alone give liberty its life, will be inflexibly observed in this country until the spirit of liberty has disappeared. The disposition to find the secret of individual suffering in what are called the circumstances rather than the character of men, and to assume that a change of circumstance will produce a change of character, may show a sensitive sympathy, but the remedy of human suffering is not so simple. Doubtless there is a reciprocal influence of circumstance and character. Relief of circumstance often opens the way to spiritual regeneration, and it is useless to reason with a starving man, or to suppose that drunkenness may not be diminished by diminishing temptation. But all these are not pleas for crimes, and none should perceive it more clearly than the most humane and intelligent people.

NEEDED LEGISLATION.

The responsibility for legislation this winter in New York lies upon the Republicans, and it opens to them the opportunity of regaining something of the public confidence which is now plainly withheld from them. They control both branches of the Legislature, and if they should merely renew the wretched game with the Governor which was played last year, they will forfeit public respect still further. There are various measures which the majority ought to adopt. They should pass a simple and reasonable law for a Constitutional Convention, looking first to a fair representation of the State, and not attempting a trick to secure the party control of a Convention. They should act upon the Governor's nominations, for offices of which the term of the present incumbents has long since expired, in the plain spirit and intent of the Constitution, and put an end to the existing disgraceful situation, in which the purpose of the Constitution is flagrantly disregarded.

No question demands more reasonable treatment than that of an effective liquor law. The present Republican course merely aids the liquor interest by causing a steady and continuous accretion of the Prohibition party from the Republican ranks. The reason is obvious. It is that Republican action upon the subject is not believed to be sincere. Its course in New York this year confirmed this skepticism. The temperance plank in the platform, and Senator Evarts's amusing explanation of it, could not reassure any honest temperance man. It was held to be a kind of trick, just as the nomination of Colonel Grant was believed to be an attempt, not to honor that gentleman, but to use him for the advantage of his name to the party. To this general air of insincerity was added the expense of a sum of money in the election which Police Commissioner French, who is not easily appalled by such performances, says almost took his breath away. The only way in which the Republican majority can hope to dispel this belief in its insincerity upon the temperance question is by the passage of a law which is seen to be honestly designed to effect its purpose. But the law must not be like the Vedder bill, which was seen to be another party trick to secure the rural vote by making the cities pay the country taxes. A restrictive tax equally laid upon saloons, with the local option of raising it to the prohibitory point, would be the general principle of a law which could be adjusted in detail, and which would undoubtedly satisfy the great practical temperance sentiment of the State. If this was the object of the late platform, it was not believed to be, and the talk about "the purpose" of a law which the Governor vetoed was comically suspicious and misleading.

Then a law for the public printing and distribution of ballots at elections would dispose of the pretence of necessary expenses under which the enormous corruption funds are raised that almost take away the breath of Mr. Commissioner French. No abuse and peril are more evident than those of money at elections, and they must be arrested. The movement of arrest could be wisely made by the Republicans, because the Republican party is supposed to command by far the larger amount of money for election purposes. The first serious blow at Republican ascendency was dealt by the Whiskey Ring revelations, and the vast sums of money which in various ways the Republican party has raised have been of no corresponding advantage to it. The Union League Club and the Commonwealth Club have the subject under consideration, and as intelligent Democrats are no less interested than Republicans, an effective bill may reasonably be expected. Should the session of the New York Republican Legislature end next spring with a record of such laws honestly drawn and passed, the party would enter upon the Presidential campaign in much better condition than would have been the case last spring.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

There seems to be no doubt that the illness of the Crown Prince of Germany is fatal, and that he will never become Emperor. The tranquil dignity with which he is said to contemplate his situation recalls that of General Grant, the close of whose life by its quiet heroism was a fitting crown to the great service that he had rendered the country. The Crown Prince of Germany has not been a very conspicuous political figure, but his military career, especially during the French campaign, commended him warmly to the sympathy of his countrymen. It would be a man of very great force who should be a commanding political figure in Germany by the side of Bismarck, and whatever may have been the views of the Prince, he has acquiesced with the court in the dominance of the great Minister.

The Crown Prince is evidently not an ambitious or aggressive man, and it has been understood that his reign, so far as depended upon himself, would have been an era of peace, contemplating mainly the domestic welfare of the Empire. But his critical condition forecasts a period of uncertainty in the European situation. The Emperor is ninety years old. Bismarck and Von Moltke are also old men. They have made the Empire, and apparently they and the Crown Prince will disappear simultaneously from the scene. The actual heir-apparent is the Emperor's grandson, of whom little is known beyond Germany.

Nothing illustrates more strikingly the difference between other countries and our own than the fact that with us the death of no public man disturbs for an instant the national situation or prospect. Even the assassination of President Lincoln in the last tumultuous moments of a terrible civil war, and amid the uncertainty of an apparently organized conspiracy, did not for an instant arrest the peaceful order of the government nor threaten general disorder. The result was largely due to our republican education, to our State system, and to the instinctive American loyalty to law. But where the government is really that of the people, the imminence of events such as now overshadow Germany, however saddening from their personal aspect, do not in the least degree involve great possible changes and disturbance.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT AND THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The speech of Mr. Chamberlain at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce in New York was extremely interesting, and it made a singularly happy impression upon the company. His aspect and manner and matter were alike winning, and he could hardly have opened more felicitously the duties with which he is charged, or have produced in that representative assembly a stronger feeling of his fitness for the mission upon which he comes. It was, indeed, a dinner, and the unwritten law of such an occasion is courtesy and good-humor. But the spirit of the guests was unmistakable.

So far as the details of his negotiation were concerned, Mr. Chamberlain, of course, said nothing. His business was to state in the most general way the temper in which it is undertaken, and to intimate that as becomes a great transaction between two great and intelligent people who desire peace, and not war or misunderstanding, there must be concessions, and not a strife for mere victory. Mr. Chamberlain is a trained and pleasant speaker. His voice is clear, penetrating, and well modulated, and he has rather the American fluency than the hesitation which we are accustomed to associate with English oratory. There were also the complete self-possession and intelligence which have made him in the estimation of his colleagues in the House of Commons the ablest debater in Parliament, more incisive, forcible, and direct than Mr. Gladstone himself.

There was some misapprehension at the dinner in regard to the Peace Deputation, three members of which—Sir George Campbell, Mr. Halley Stewart, and Mr. Creamer, members of Parliament—were present. It is not a "Scotch" deputation, as was said more than once; nor is it a "peace-at-any-price" delegation. This latter imputation was repelled with energy by Mr. Creamer, who apparently misapprehended some good-natured banter of Mr. Depew's. The object of the deputation is the ultimate negotiation of a treaty by which the two countries shall agree to refer to arbitration any dispute that may arise between them. This certainly ought not to be a chimerical project among intelligent and well-disposed governments. Mr. Creamer is one of the chief of the "working-man" members of Parliament, and his intimation was very suggestive that the mass of the people may hereafter assert their will and interest against the causeless wars of ministers and governments.

LAXITY OF PRISON DISCIPLINE.

There was one aspect of the late anarchist incident in Chicago which has been strongly and justly condemned. Men in the custody of the State and under sentence of death were apparently permitted the freest intercourse with their friends and the public, and their sayings and doings were constantly reported in the newspapers.

The anarchist convicts held levees in jail, and the incidents of their daily routine, the appearance and conduct of the prisoners and their visitors, were depicted with vulgar sentimentality for the public eye. The solemnity of trial and conviction and imprisonment is lost in this disregard of decency, and weak and ignorant men may easily come to desire the same kind of importance. From the moment that a man has been lawfully pronounced guilty of crime and has received his sentence, nothing should be permitted in his treatment which gives his situation a factitious interest. Punitive law loses its terror if its subjects may at once pose as public men whose conduct and words are to be reported as of general interest and significance. When the convict has been sentenced he should disappear wholly from the public gaze, although, of course, not from the most constant and careful official supervision.

The readers of newspapers, as intelligent citizens, have a right to complain of the effort to make criminals heroes, as also of the mere blackguardism which often defiles the editorial columns. The public may certainly expect that the reputable press will not impair the authority of law nor destroy its efficacy by morally counteracting it in the heroic exaltation of criminals of any degree. The press has been disposed to congratulate itself upon bringing the boodle rascals to justice. But in magnifying their personal prestige as convicts it ridicules its own service and loses its power. It gratifies a love of notoriety upon the part of the convicts, and erects into heroes and personages of importance men whose sole distinction is that they are swindlers and thieves.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE DISCUSSION OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

Big Wages, and How to Earn Them, is the title of a little book just issued by Harper & Brothers. It is written by a working-man for working-men, and is full of sensible advice and sound economic doctrine. It deals broadly and intelligently with the burning questions of the hour—Labor and Capital, Trades-Unions, Strikes, Boycotts, Protection and Free Trade, the Relations of the State to Corporations, Socialism, Civil Service Reform, and Municipal Government. Its style is terse, forcible, and lucid, and it is calculated to remove a good many popular misapprehensions in regard to the ends to be attained by organized labor. Its aim is to instruct and convince, and there is no part of it which is not readily intelligible by any fairly instructed artisan. As an antidote to the sophistries by which the discussion of the labor question has been befogged, the book has a special and timely value, and its general perusal can hardly fail to have a salutary effect on the true interests of working-men.

PERSONAL.

De Witt J. Seligman, editor of *The Epoch*, is one of the New York Commissioners of Education just reappointed for three years by Mayor Hewitt. Mr. Seligman is an ardent advocate of introducing manual training into the public schools of this city.

—The law library of the late Aaron J. Vanderpoel has just been sold at auction in this city. Mr. Vanderpoel inherited some of the rare books of his profession from former lawyers of his own or his wife's family, but the greater number of them were purchased by himself for his own use. One of the volumes in Mr. Vanderpoel's library is said to be the first book published in New York, only six copies of which are known to be extant. It is a volume of legislative reports printed in 1691 by William Bradford. One thousand dollars was bid for it, but it was withdrawn from the sale, as nothing less than $1500 would be taken.

—Colonel John Hay is said to have the most beautifully furnished library in Washington. It is on the ground-floor of his house. The ceiling is panelled in old oak, and the books are in low cases running around the walls. Colonel Hay's desk is of beautiful carved wood corresponding with the rest of the room, and is as big as a dining-table. Colonel Hay is quite a collector of books, and makes a specialty of fine bindings.

—General Greely does not believe that the north pole will ever be reached except by balloon. General Greely not only has not lost his own interest in polar research, but he believes that the subject is one that will always hold public attention, and that men will never be lacking to join expeditions to the frozen North.

—J. S. Lamont, the father of the President's private secretary, has been the leading merchant of McGrawville, New York, for the past twenty-five years. His son, the Colonel, began his business career as a clerk in his father's store, but soon got tired of that, and went to Albany as a messenger-boy at the Capitol. His aptness with figures and his methodical habits gained him rapid promotion, and he was not long in bettering his position.

—The grave of Thomas Francis Meagher is in Montana, where he died. No stone marks the spot, and very few people out there know where it is, or know much, if anything, of him. The widow of General Meagher is the sister of Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, and lives with her on Madison Avenue, New York.

—Signor Campanini has found that he is not forgotten on his return to America. His friends have rallied around him, and they are very glad to find that his voice seems to be in as good condition as ever. He certainly is giving a remarkable series of concerts; that is, remarkable for the quality of his singers. Those who love pure Italian singing will welcome Signor Campanini's company with gratitude.

—L. Q. C. Lamar says that Franklin's autobiography was the first book put in his hands by his mother after he had passed the age of toy books. He was a delicate boy, but worked with the others on his father's plantation, where he learned to plough and plant and dig garden, and even to shoe a horse. The Secretary is particularly fond of reading, and confesses to a weakness for poetry.

—Max O'Rell (M. Paul Blouët), the author of *John Bull and his Island*, has arrived in this country. He is not yet forty years of age, and looks younger. He wears a mustache and goatee, and carries a single eye-glass in his left eye. The origin of his *nom de plume* he explains as a family one. One of his ancestors named Max married an Irish woman by the name of O'Rell. He has looked for but never found any O'Rells in Ireland in the present day. M. Blouët speaks English fluently, and with just enough accent to be interesting. He is engaged in delivering a series of lectures.

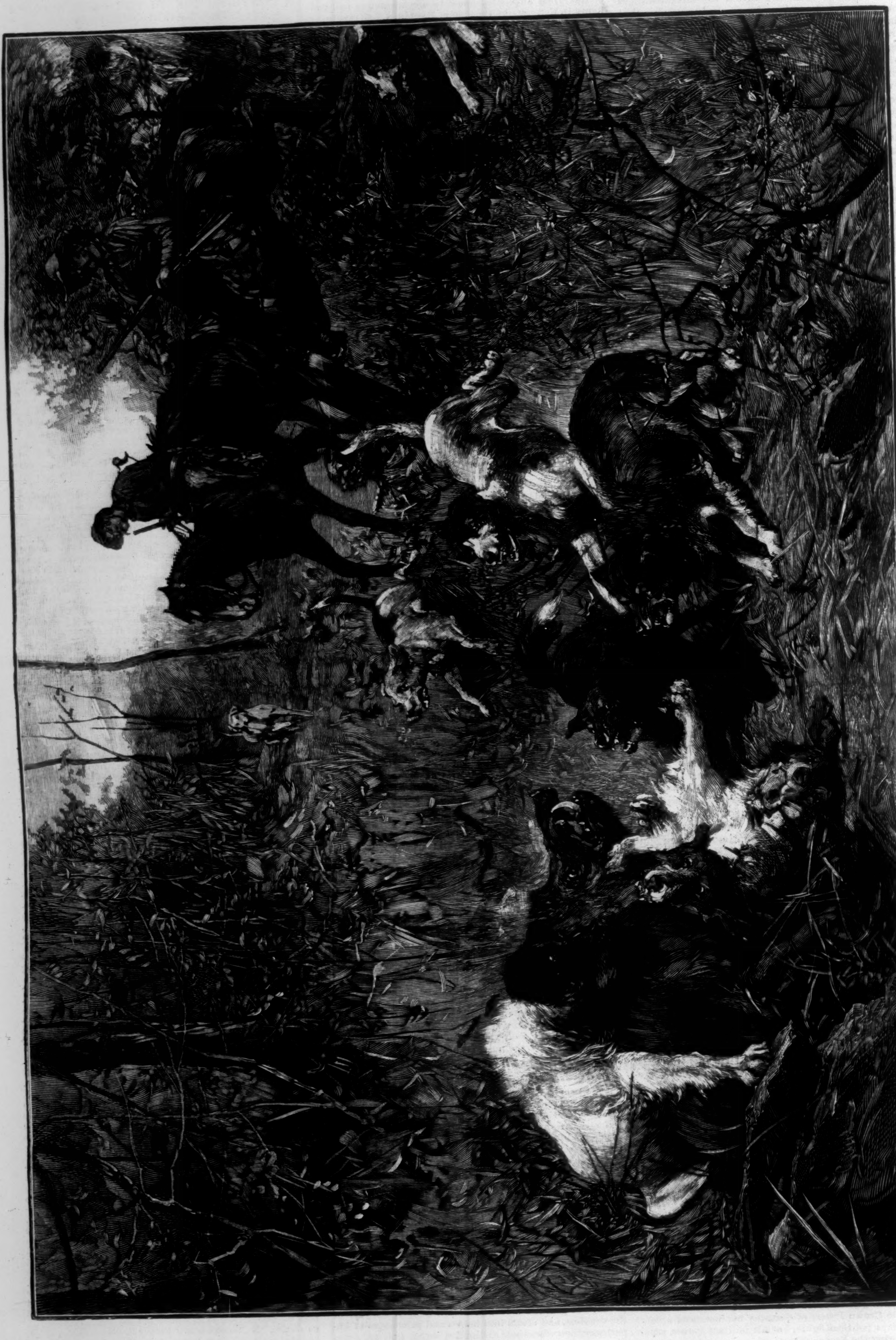
—The late Elihu B. Washburne is supposed to have left an estate of very nearly a million dollars. As he lived very frugally, usually taking up his abode in a boarding-house when he was a member of Congress, this announcement has surprised many of the people who knew him best. More than one-half of this fortune he has left to his two younger sons, his other son receiving but one-third of the remainder.

—Senator Ingalls does not look unlike William Black, the novelist, and, like Mr. Black, he is said to be writing a novel. Washington life is the subject. The Senator from Kansas is slender, but has a rather striking appearance on account of the arrangement of his front hair. He wears gold spectacles, and covers his upper lip with an iron-gray mustache, while a whisp of whisker conceals the lower.

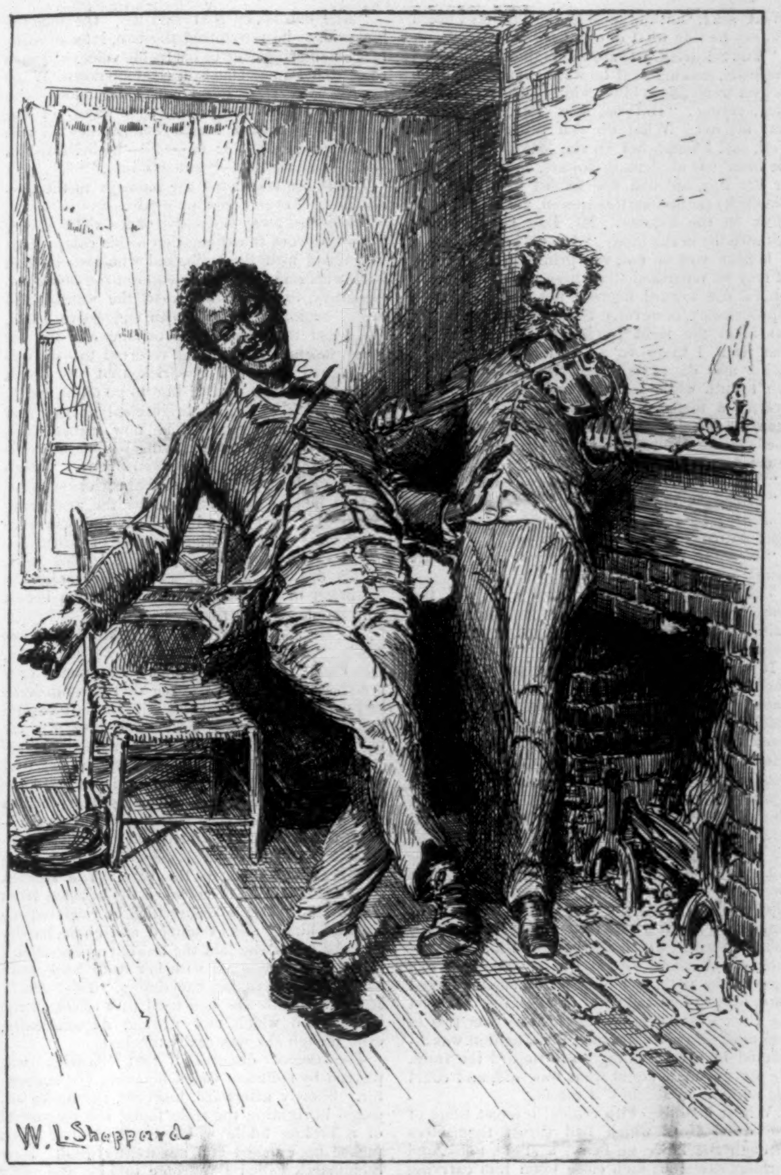
—Mormon Bishop McKnight, of Salt Lake City, is a well-preserved man fifty-five years of age. He has a good color in his cheeks, and his auburn hair is only slightly speckled with gray. Bishop McKnight spent the years of his boyhood in Cleveland, Ohio, where he learned to stick type in the office of the *Plain Dealer*. It was while working on the *Plain Dealer* that he became a convert of Mormonism, and left Cleveland for Salt Lake. He regards polygamy as a Divine injunction, and one that "cannot be crushed out by law"; and as this is a free country, he probably has a right to his opinion.

—Door-keeper McKenna, of Troy, who has charge of the White House ushers, is quite a remarkable man in a quiet way. He was at one time Superintendent of Police in Troy. He started out in life as a blacksmith, and brought up a large family in the practice of his trade, educating his eldest son at Williams College. The young man now has a good professional footing in his father's city.

—Mr. Robert Bonner has announced his retirement from the management of the New York *Ledger*, and the transfer of all his interest in the *Ledger* to his three sons, Andrew, Robert, and Frederick. In its present form the *Ledger* dates from 1855, and the extraordinary success it has achieved bears witness to the energy, clear-sightedness, and fertility of resource of Mr. Bonner. There was positive genius in the management which in a few years gave the *Ledger* a place unique in periodical literature, and its permanent hold on public favor proves how well sustained has been the care devoted to its editing and the ability employed in its service. Mr. Bonner is still happily in the possession of unimpaired vigor of body and mind, and is likely to be heard of for many years to come as one foremost in all good works.



HUNTING WILD HOGS IN ARKANSAS.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.—[See Page 854.]



"I KAIN STAN' HIT NO LONGER!"

SHEDRICK THE FIDDLER.

By W. L. SHEPPARD.

There had been no such sensation in Tristville since the departure of the circus two years ago. The appearance of new yellow handbills over the tattered posters of the vanished "show" on a distant view held out hopes of the return of the same or a similar exhibition. But the average citizen experienced a disappointment, slightly mitigated by curiosity, when it was found that the bills announced only a concert by the Patelli–Steinmarck Venetian Concert Troupe at Odd Fellows' Hall. The day had come, and the troupe—four individuals, one of them obviously Signora Patelli—obviously, because Mr. Dandridge Singleton had explained that signora required a feminine representative. He with several other villagers now watched from the porch of the "sto'" the file of artists, with the attendant colored citizens, who passed along to the tavern.

Mr. Singleton (being the only person in town who had had the advantage of foreign travel) had also enlightened the *habitués* of the "sto'" on many other difficult points in the poster. One of them seemed very queer: "Herr" meant a gentleman, and was pronounced *hair*. But such an outlandish pronunciation was not tolerated by the natives. Closely following the troupe was a colored citizen. He made gestures indicative of familiar acquaintance with the group on the porch, and cut many antics for their amusement. The porch was vacated by all except Mr. Singleton as the troupe passed off. He was tilted back in the split-bottom chair against the clapboards, and was in a profound reverie. Something in the aspect of the troupe had recalled happier days abroad, especially a certain tiny *al fresco* theatre near Genoa. He remembered the fervid applause of the excitable audience, and how even mediocrity elicited a flower, and his sympathies went out to the little band of foreigners who had in store only such a cold reception as might be expected from an audience ignorant of their music and methods.

He was thinking of the difficulty of procuring flowers in February, when the negro who had amused them by his fantastic capers made his appearance. He was a shapely fellow, with cherry lips and much bushy hair. The whites of his merry eyes were matched by the white of his glistening teeth. His shoes were brightly blacked, and constituted the only difference between his and the nondescript costume of the others of his race thereabout. He was Shedrick the Fiddler, a privileged character, and a welcome guest in all the country-side with the white folks. Those of his own race listened with rapture to his music, which, however, they thought jeopardized his salvation.

Singleton interrupted him in his account of the reception of the artists at the tavern, and inquired as to the probability of securing some flowers.

Shedrick shook his head dubiously at Mr. Singleton's proposition. He could not think of any likely source of supply. "Well, you know, Mist' Dan, dat dis ain' de time o' yur fur flowers, and I dun know whar you gwine get none, lessen hit's at Jedge Norbon's summer-house—"

"Yes," interrupted Dandridge; "but after what has happened, I don't see that I can ask there."

"Does you think I can git in de concert, Mist' Dan?" asked Shedrick, ignoring the flower question. "I wants to hear dat fiddle powerful."

"Well, Shed, you see if you can get me the flowers, and I will see if I can get you an entrance."

"Hit's a bargain, Mist' Dan."

But Shedrick did not have entire confidence in Mr. Singleton's memory, so he determined to make some efforts in another direction. He had made up his mind that he would procure an interview with the large gentleman of the troupe, for with the instinct of his race he had instantly detected the superior breeding of this one. Besides, he learned that he was Herr Steinmarck, the violinist; and did they not have a bond in common already? So it was not long before he appeared at the hotel, his coat much bulged out.

It was not, however, without serious misgivings that he knocked at Herr Steinmarck's door. His modest tap elicited a loud "Herein! komm in!" from the interior. Shedrick, hat in hand, entered noiselessly. His features were wreathed in a large if somewhat embarrassed smile, and the light from the window glistened on his moist forehead; for perhaps the first time in his life he was confused. He gave himself so little room to get through the door that he was jammed for an instant. In freeing himself his coat was pushed aside and a fiddle was disclosed. Herr Steinmarck was looking out of the window. He did not turn immediately on Shedrick's entrance, so time was given the abashed visitor to pull his coat over the instrument; for although he had brought the violin as a sort of badge of sympathy, his courage began to fail him as doubts arose as to the propriety of his conduct. When the Herr turned he paused for a moment, naturally expecting some message, but as the negro salaamed and perspired only, and uttered nothing, the artist, though very diffident of his English, felt called upon to say something.

"Wot is it?" he asked.

"Well, sah, Misto Hare—I hyer Mist' Dan call your name; him whar git outen his cheer when you gentermens en lady come along; not dat one whar maybe yo' done hear cuss. Mist' Dan he done stop cussing. He don't drink neither. He done swo' off on account of er accerdent which tuk place larse Saddey (lemme see, yes)—larse Saddey wuz a munt. Mist' Dan had ben a-huntin', yo' see, an' had his Gordian setter whar he sets much sto' by. Well, de setter bresh agin Mist' Bev Norbon's cheer, an' Mist' Bev kicked de setter. At dat Mist' Dan he juk up his gun, an' if it hadn't a-snapped 'twould blowed out Mist' Bev's brains. Mist' Dan was a little in liquor. En so yo' see, when Mist' Dan came to heself, an' find out what he done, he ben skeered mos' to death. Yes, sah, Mist' Dan stanch man—quality too, like yo'self, sah."

Shedrick paused here in sheer breathlessness. The German wondered greatly at this long speech, of which he hardly understood a word, and at the persistency with which the darky held himself clasped with one hand while he gesticulated with the other. He felt that some recognition was due to this long oration, but not knowing what to say, he bethought himself of "All right," which seemed to him to serve a great many purposes in America.

"Yes, sah, I reckon 'twas all right," Shedrick recommenced. The German sighed, but the darky kept on. "Mist' Dan kin talk all kin's er talk. I reckon 's he kin talk yourn. But I jess recollec's—dat was de reason I was gwine on to say," gasped Shedrick, not knowing how to stop, nor how to go on—"oh yes, dat I couldn' spec to get no flowers, en—"

Here from some cause the fiddle slipped from Shedrick's hand, and with the bow clattered on the floor. The German had lighted another cigar and walked away. Attracted by the noise, he turned. "Ah! I see you haf violin."

Shedrick gathered up his property with a sheepish look. "Yes, sah," he replied; "but hit's more uv a fiddle en uv a violin."

"You are, den, amateur?" continued the Herr, leaning on the mantel, still wondering at the darky's demeanor.

Shedrick was at a loss for an answer to this question. "Yo' muss scuze me, Misto Hare, but I ain't larned. Yo' see, I was gwine on a big boy when de wah stopped. I recollec' hit too, for I remembers when Mist' Dan came home, en all de folks was so s'prised to see him; he 'sponded, 'De Confederacy is done gone to de devil by way ob Rappomattox Cote House.' An' so you see I didn't go ter school much; an' bein' of bein' accustomed to go 'long an' do jess what I wanted to do, I done it."

The German began to suspect that his visitor was a harmless lunatic who had better be humored for a while. He had understood only a word here and there of what Shedrick had said, but being sure that music had entered into it somewhere, as the fiddler paused, he said, "So you do *not blay?*"

"Oh! yes, *sah*," Shedrick hastened to reply; "to be certney; dat is, I *scratches*. Yo' kyarn call it mo'n dat." He laughed, and handled the fiddle bashfully as before, then went on: "Hit ain't my trade *reglar;* I jess pick it up. I's er shoemaker by trade. I larnt hit from Mist' Milo Johnston, which *he* larnt hit in the pentenchry; an' he 'lowed dat dey better gimme thirty-nine, like dey use to in ole times, en lemme go 'long, dout puttin' of a man in de pentenchry fer two years jess fer properatin' uv a shote, en a poor shote at dat—he larnt me." Another pause, and more handling of the fiddle.

The musician had paced up and down during this harangue of Shedrick's, thinking how he could dismiss his voluble visitor, and had come to the conclusion, as Shedrick again paused, that either the darky wanted to show off his own skill as a performer, or that he desired to see what the artist could do. So he made another trial: "*You* blay, and *I* will blay."

Shedrick brightened up at the proposition. "To be sho', Misto Hare; why, ob course I'll play, ef *yo'* will. Not 'lowin', min' yo', dat hit's a far bargin, sah, but hit may be a cur'osity to yo', ez I specs yo' haven't no bigger fiddlers in yo' part of de world. Shall I open de ball?—play fust?"

"Ah, yes—you feerst, I after."

"Well, sah, Misto Hare, I thinks I will begin at 'Sugah in de Gode.' Hit ain't a common chewn in yo' country, I reckon."

So saying, with a little preliminary tuning, to which Herr Steinmarck paid close attention, Shedrick struck up the air which he had named. It was a popular one—had been so for years all over the country—though a rude melody of only a few bars. It was played by the negro with great unction, the time and rhythm being marked by a tap of his foot and swaying of his body. As he warmed to his work, Shedrick called out "Swing corners!" in a pitch that harmonized with the air, and with modulation all his own. Remarking that his auditor showed a livelier interest when this feature was introduced, he proceeded to call the figures of a whole quadrille. As he quavered away in a style that had no particular novelty in it for that part of the world, he nevertheless awakened a fresh sensation in the German. It was his first experience in the "music of this country," as he named it to himself, and the opportunity for study, should not be lost. So he made a mental note of Shedrick's method, as well as his original mode of chanting; indeed, in order to fix the treatment of the air in his mind, he charmed Shedrick by asking a repetition.

"I tell yo', sah, Misto Hare, hit's warm wuk when yo' draps into hit wid all yo' heart; yo' right 'tis, sah."

"Gif me yewer fiddelle; perhaps—"

"What, Misto Hare!" cried Shedrick, stepping forward eagerly and proffering the instrument with both hands; "yo' doan mean ter say dat yo'll try dis ole box? Well, my King! I does certney want ter know how she'll knicker. Dat's right, chewn her up, Misto Hare; I reckon she's let down some. Well, King of Israel! if he ain't gwine ter scrape de ole catgut box en git somethin' outen her!"

The fiddle was tuned, and the Herr played a chord. "I blay dat air vonce; perhaps a leetle minor bassage go better in some blace, and maybe some syncopate—eh?" And to Shedrick's utter astonishment the Herr struck up "Sugar in de Gode."

The negro's eyes dilated as the music proceeded; his body moved to the measure. His hands were clasped in the lapels of his coat, but now and then a forefinger was relaxed and followed a crescendo. To Shedrick's increased wonder, the tune was varied in a way that seemed nothing less than witchcraft to him; but when at last it settled down to the original dance measure, with an imitation in obligato in the bass of his calling the figures, the darky, who was really panting with emotion, shouted, "I kain stan' hit no longer!" crossed over and turned an imaginary partner, and did the "cavalier seul" in the pigeon wing. The player quickened his time, and Shedrick his step, until both had to stop, Shedrick from exhaustion, and the musician from laughter.

The dancer, puffing and panting, walked up and down the room, stooping over and swabbing his reeking face with his coat sleeve. When he had recovered breath sufficiently, he cried out: "Naw, sah! naw, sah! 'ain' nuver heerd nuthin' like dat. Misto Hare, yo' put mo' sugah in dat gode den enybody ever git outen it befo'. Got my very voys hollerin' out de figgers—my Lawd! Misto Hare, if yo' will play dat datter way to-night, I'm your 'umble sarvant, en de boys will skeer de rats outen de spremises, dout dey doan tar down de house."

The artist understood that Shedrick was talking about playing somewhere, so he replied: "Ah, yes, I vill blay dat at home by Chermany; und *wird* you dere to *tanse*, ach Himmel! it would—ah, you, how it would" (he snapped his fingers impatiently)—"vell—*stürmischen Beifall gewonnen.*" He handed the fiddle to Shedrick, who looked at it and shook his head regretfully.

"Dun know how I shell have de shorance to tetch you agin," he murmured.

The musician, thinking that a good time had now come to terminate the interview and entertainment, extended his hand with, "Well, goot-py."

Shedrick shook the proffered hand, and a look of awe came into his eyes as he touched the fingers that had wrought such magic with his poor old fiddle. He yearned to hear some more music, but felt sure that he had outstaid his welcome, and departed quickly.

He had got but a few steps from the door when it occurred to him with a shock that he had entirely omitted the very thing that he came for, namely, to try to secure an entrance to the concert.

Albeit thoroughly ashamed of presenting himself again, he tapped at the door, and entered at the Herr's call. He remarked the musician's annoyed look as he turned to see who came in, and at the same time he observed a violin in his hand. Forgetting everything, Shedrick cried, eagerly, "Is yo' gwine ter play, or is yo' chewning up for to-night, Misto Hare?" and his largest smile occupied his features. The German's face softened in spite of himself when he saw the darky's enthusiasm, though he really felt annoyed at the prospect of another interview. Extending both his hands, and bringing them together over his ragged felt hat, the negro, in a low voice, said, "Couldn' yo' jess gimme a tetch on yo' *own* violin, Misto Hare?"

"Ach Gott! Yah, ef you ask so—so *rührend*. I blay you lettle Cherman *Volkslied*." And he began a simple Styrian air with a minor wail in it, followed by a livelier refrain. He watched intently the effect which the music produced on his listener, and experimented on him with various schools, watching the fiddler's interest rise or wane as the music touched him or exceeded his comprehension. He remarked that the Styrian *Völkslied* awakened his greatest interest, and that it flagged at a movement of De Beriot's. Then the artist paused.

Shedrick had followed every phase of the music with some outward manifestation of its effect; but the last piece evidently puzzled him, as if it was in a language which he did not understand. The musician took the opportunity to stop. Shedrick stood with his hand to his face and his eyes on the floor. He did not change his posture for a moment; then letting his hand slide slowly from his cheek, he fixed a look upon the German so grave that it amounted to awe. "Well, sound de Juberlee," he said, huskily. "Misto Hare, sah, lars yur Fo'paw's sukkus came through here, en I had a few fun's. Well, sah, all dem people was roarin' at de clown an' gazin' an' starin' at de wimmin-folks who was nearly bar', en some fool niggahs wuz tryin' ter ride dat trick mule. Spite er all dis I wuz disregardless of anything but de ban'. I nearly went outen myself dat time, Misto Hare; but, sah, yo' beats de ban'—*yo'* beats de beater. I didn' think no human bein', lost en mizbul sinners ez we is, could fetch so much outen hoss-hair en catgut."

He stopped to get breath. The German understood nothing, but respected the negro's emotion. In all of his experience Herr Steinmarck had never seen so perfect an effect, and the scene which promised to be a bore to him had been dignified into a study in psychology. Feeling that something must be said to so appreciative an auditor, he ventured on, "Ah! you like, den?"

"*Like!*" cried Shedrick; "Misto Hare, sah, I *glories* in it, en, sah"—he laid two fingers lightly on the musician's arm—"I am a po' negro cobbler; I doan git much ter do. Mebbe I doan do *dat* well; mebbe I loafs en talks too much, en fif' cents is mighty big ter me; but I wants ter hear you play ter-night, Misto Hare, en—" His voice sunk to almost inarticulate pleading.

"To-night! ach! yah—*allerdings*—certainly!" and taking a card from his pocket, the Herr began to write upon it in German, "Admit"—but paused, not knowing what title to give the applicant—"De name?"

"Jess say Shedrick," said the darky, coming nearer, and looking over the writer. "Shedrick, you know, in de book er Dan'l; Shedrick, Meshick, en Bednigger, whar dey put in de fi'ry furniss; which I doan see how dey could stan' hit ontwell de Lord spoke, 'cause dey tells me dat dey wuz hotter'n dem whar I see at Lo'-mo'. Dat's hit, sah, Misto Hare;" and as he took the card, "I thanks you, sah; en ef dar's eny little jobs you want done whiles you are hyar, sech ez blackin' uv shoes"—confidentially —"disher boy hyar can't black no shoes. Doan hab nuthin' but dese countrymen's boots ter black, en blacks dem on top ob de dry mud—so ef you wants eny little jobs jess call fer Shedrick, and he'll be dar sho'. Misto Hare, I'm your 'umble sarvant!" and with a bow he swept the floor in the flourish of his hat and disappeared.

There were several loungers about the store when Shedrick came up, amongst them Dandridge Singleton.

"Hello, Shedrick! what are you doing with your fiddle this time of day?" he called to the darky.

"Ah! Mist' Dan, I reckon I jess ez well kyar hit down here en fling it in de frorg pawn."

"Why, what is the matter with your fiddle, Shedrick? You used to think a great deal of it."

"So I did, Mist' Dan—so I did, sah; but sence I done hyar Misto Hare play—uh, aw!" He made a gesture as if to put something distasteful from him.

"Misto *who?*" asked Dan.

"Why, de big, good-lookin' genterman whar cum dis mornin' wid de udders whar gwine 'form ter-night, he de one whar done play fer me. En ef he hadn't er played 'Sugah in de Gode' on disher ole thing, I was gwine ter fling hit away. Ah! Mist' Dan, *yo'* ain' neber hyar no such 'Sugah in de Gode' like *dat*. Mo'over, yo' ain' *neber* hyar sech music ez he played—his own country music. I doan think dat Serafins and Cherafins couldn't play no mo' hebenly soun's."

"Tell me 'bout it, Shed."

"Mist' Dan, dat genterman, out-countryman ez he is, kin jess lay ober eny kin' ub playin' dat *I* eber heerd. Why, Mist' Dan, he played some kin, ub a dancin' chewn, en I cudden keep from twissen uv myself; den he change from dat to a sort ub singin' chewn, whar jess made my flesh run all ober me, squanderin' up en down my back like mice in de ceilin'. Den, sah, he wandered off inter a kin' uv music which I 'ain't got no name fer it. I didn't know whether I wanted him to keep on or not. It wuz a chewn, but hit wuz one uv dese chewns whar yo' kin *think*, but whar yo' kain' whistle of 'em nor sing 'em. Den de soun' got kinder low-spirited, en mo' en mo' in de low groun's uv sorrow, until I felt like I wuz loss in de big woods uv a wet evenin' and night comin' on. I felt my marrer trickle in my bones, en I leedle mo' ter hab died.* I had a great min' ter holler to Misto Hare ter stop, but I 'membered my manners."

The fiddler's expression was so mournful that the company roared out laughing. Shedrick did not change countenance.

"You may laf, gentermen, but I 'ain't got ober dat lonesome chewn yet; en, Mist' Dan, I want yer ter git de name ub dat music from Misto Hare, en I'll git Miss Bella ter larn it; maybe some ub dese gentermen might like to hear it." He glanced quizzically at Singleton as he moved away.

That gentleman shook his fist at the fiddler surreptitiously, and called out, "Remember what I told you, you rascal!"

Although the night was dreary enough, there was a good audience at the concert—the weather not being taken at all into account on the rare occasions for public amusements at Tristville. Professor Jacobson had so embellished the shabby hall—the locality of all the political meetings and church fairs—that the natives hardly recognized it. Curiosity was centred on the only lady in the troupe, Signora Patelli. But when she came in, had it not been for Singleton's assuming the office of "leader of the claque," she would have choked at the cold reception. As it was, Singleton's persistence at last broke the ice, and the applause was enthusiastic. Singleton had waited at the door until he lost hope of seeing Shedrick with the flowers, and so had filled the deficiency with noisy applause.

The lady dazzled with her jewels and scandalized by her costume. Herr Steinmarck in his evening dress, with a single diamond sparkling on his ample linen, was a figure that would have attracted attention anywhere. Shedrick thought him superb. His artistic playing did not gain much approbation from the audience until his last piece, which also closed the entertainment. After a few bars, which the unskilled ears of the audience failed to recognize as a prelude upon the theme, the artist developed a rollicking "Sugah in the Gode," with the imitation of Shedrick's calling the figures on the bass string. The negro's prediction was verified, and the hall of the I. O. O. F. swayed with the applause. He had hardly finished when the audience were electrified at hearing Shedrick's voice in a high key, behind the curtain, exclaiming, "What I tell yo', Misto Hare—what I tell yo', sah? Rise en shine! yo' done took de town, sah, jess like I say!" And Shedrick flashed his teeth and eyes for a moment at the corner of the curtain, bringing down the house again.

That evening, before the performance began, and as night fell, Shedrick, after having been fully utilized in the way of climbing and lifting by Professor Jacobson, had retired home to get "a little bite of something" and take a rest. After his bite he fell asleep over his fire, and awakened from his nap with a sudden terror at the idea of having slept over the performance. He hurried forth, but was soon reassured by a passing friend as to the time, and so pursued the road to the hall more leisurely. He had not gone very far when he brought up with a despairing gesture. "Namergaud!" he cried, "is I gwine ter fergit ev'thing on ercount uv Misto Hare's fiddlin'?" and quickly reversed his course.

He stopped at the gate of the most attractive house in the village, and reflected awhile before entering. He had no time to make an extended search for flowers. Judge Norbon's house offered the only reasonable chance; but besides the impediments which have been alluded to, Shedrick had other complications to unravel on his own account. Relations which he had had with Miss Bella's maid had become something strained from misunderstandings, which in such matters are not even barred by "previous condition of servitude."

His reception in the kitchen was perceptibly cold, and a statement of his errand roused Miss Matildy. "Yo' ain't comin' ter dis house ter git flowers fer Mist' Dan Singleton to give to some yuther lady—not ter dis house, is yo'?"

"Hold on, Miss Matildy," protested Shedrick; "walk yo' horses. Mist' Dan 'ain't allowed ter me he wuz gwine ter gib dem ter *enybody*."

He followed this up with an explanation which contained a germ of truth, and which, some artful asides having been addressed to her, at length "qualified" Miss Maltidy, and she acquainted Miss Bella with Shedrick's mission.

"So Mr. Singleton has sent for some flowers?" she began, haughtily, but was interrupted by Shedrick's earnest protest that such was not the case.

"No, Miss Bella. He neber sont me. But he wants some *bad*, en I done sarch ev'rywhar, en kain't fin' none; so I nacherly thinks about you—your flowers, I mean—en so I says ter myself, 'Maybe 'tain't nothin' nohow, en Miss Bella doan b'ar no malice'—which I *know* Mist' Dan don't; I could see hit in his eye—'en—'"

"Well, never mind, Shed," interrupted Miss Bella, turning a beautiful blush-color, and so matching the roses at which she was already plucking, and smiling too; "you *shall* have some flowers."

Shedrick made profuse thanks. "Yo' gwine ter let me say whar dey come from, Miss Bella?"

"Never mind about that," answered the young lady, bidding Shedrick good-night.

When Shedrick arrived at the hall he was much disconcerted at not being able to see Mr. Singleton. As he stood at the door looking for that gentleman, he was called behind the curtain, it was to help the signora with a refractory slipper. She remarked the beauty of the flowers which the negro had laid upon the floor whilst adjusting the slipper.

Shedrick forgot the bouquet except when there was an interval in the music, and that he spent in vain efforts to distinguish Mr. Singleton in the audience. In studying over the matter with all the powers he could command in his confused and elated condition, he came to the conclusion, by exclusion, that the flowers could have been intended for no other person than the signora—the "singin' lady"—and as she at that moment left the stage, followed by roaring applause, Shedrick tendered her the posy: "'Low me, marm, ter hand yo' dis bokey on ercount ub Misto Dan'ridge Singulton, en his compliments."

The signora understood the tender, but not the words. With a look of genuine pleasure she took the flowers, kissed them, pressed them to her bosom, and with a step toward Shedrick, who unconsciously stepped back in his bashfulness, she exclaimed, "Oh! *grazie-tanks-tanker-e-you!*" Then to the others, "*Mais, messieurs, quel hommage franc et pur de la part de ce pauvre paysan!*"

Shedrick thought that all this effusion was "out-country ways," but likewise congratulated himself that he was the only native who witnessed it.

As Shedrick left the hall he was hailed by Singleton, and asked to account for his failure to deliver the flowers.

"Now doan let yo' angry passions rise, Mist' Dan, an' I gwine ter splain ter you. Fac' is, Mist' Dan, dey warn' nowhar but at Jedge Norbon's—doan look dat way, Mist' Dan—ter git 'em. Matildy—you know Tildy, Mist' Dan, likely gal, but she bin kinder poutin' on me lately, so I bin sca'ce, yo'—"

"Never mind you and Tildy—hurry up."

Shedrick called in all his powers of expression, and told a good deal of truth in his account of the interview with Matildy, giving a tinge of masculine superiority to the matter, which he hoped would interest and mollify his auditor. "So," continued Shedrick, who observed that Dandridge was becoming mightily interested—"so she went in en seed Miss Bella, and fetched word dat I was ter come out inter de preservaterry. Well, sah, which I went in, en soon in come Miss Bella, lookin' prettier den er flower under de glass. 'So, you's lookin' fer some flowers, Shedrick?' says she. 'Who is dey fer?' En when she see me hol' back she say, 'Do, pray, tell me, Shedrick.'"

"Don't sound much like her," put in Singleton. "Go on."

"Well, sah, be dat ez it may, I couldn' tell no lie wid dat young lady standin' dar lookin' like er angel, heap mo'n eny I eber seen on a terbacky label—I couldn', sah. So I up and sed dey wuz fer you, sah. Lam! Mist' Dan, yo' oughter seen what a pretty color she tu'n; hit fairly got inter de whites uv her eyes. De roses warn' nowhar."

Here Mr. Singleton fumbled with his watch chain and avoided Shedrick's eye, much to that party's gratification. "Oh! sho! go on, Shed," he muttered.

"Well, sah, she said she would giv em ter *me*. So she bustle roun' bout de flowers, pullin' hyar and leavin' dah: yo' know how she do 'bout flowers, Mist' Dan, treatin' 'em like dey was folks, en talkin' baby talk to de little buds. 'Eny choys, Shed?' she say, callin' through de bushes. 'Well,' sez I, 'nuthin' speshul, but I thinks I heerd him say he like what dey call *jewrainjums*.'"

"You Shedrick, you are the biggest liar," cried Singleton, making as if he were going to give the darky a tremendous blow, whilst Shedrick backed away, crying: "Hol' on, Mist' Dan, hol' on, en hyar me out. What do you think she done? Well, sah, I watch her, en she look roun' ontwell she foun' one ob dem ah flowers, den she put hit ter her lips, an' den she fix hit in de bokay." The darky paused at this speech, and awaited its effect on the listener. Mr. Dan looked Shedrick steadily in the face. "I don't know whether to believe you or not, you grinning scoundrel." (It may be remarked that these epithets were in general use toward negroes, not being intended opprobriously, however.) Shedrick, seeing that he was upon the right track, hurried on: "*Well*, Mist' Dan, I know yo' *wants* ter b'lieve hit, en wisher may die ef de principlish parts ain' true. Tain't wuth while fer people ter *say* ev'rything. Kyarn't a man tell, ef he's got any sense? I know'd what she wuz thinkin' 'bout, jess de same ez ef she done tell me, but, mine yo', she *did* say de mostest."

"Yes, but where are the flowers?" asked Dan.

"I done gin 'em ter de singin' lady, wid yo' *compliments;* I's glad some udder lady wuzn't roun' 'bout dat time ter see de carryin' on."

"Well, git along with you; you are a smart rascal."

The morning was dreary and chill, and the troupe, together with the few passengers who waited at the depot for the delayed train, looked dreary and chill too.

It was but a faint daylight when they got off. The train ran past the next station on the sleety track. It was backing to it, when there was a sudden shock, and the passengers were rudely thrown about. There was a stampede to the outside as soon as possible. The train had been run into from the rear by another train. Nobody was reported hurt, but an hour's delay was promised. The male members of the troupe were afoot outside. Herr Steinmarck wandered forth, puffing his cigarette, and looking enormous through the fog. In his excursion he came across a "native dwelling," which consisted of a small log cabin supplemented by an old freight car. It was surrounded by a neat picket fence of old barrel staves and such waifs, which also enclosed a small garden, now of course sere and bare. The door was close to the path, and there was a small covered entry draped in a tangle of dead leaves. Whilst the Herr was satisfying his curiosity over this to him most singular structure, his attention was attracted by a cry coming from toward the train. He did not understand what was said, and could see nothing on account of the fog.

Whilst handling with critical interest some of the dried vines which had thrust themselves through the fence, he heard a slight noise, and turning, saw four men close upon him carrying something in a blanket which sagged heavily. They passed by him into the cabin, and his eye fell upon a still figure bent together by the blanket, and from which came faint moans. He started back with a cry and a shudder, and became suddenly so faint that he reached for the door to support himself. The man was Shedrick. His brown color had paled to ashen, and his brow was gathered in an expression of anguish. He opened his eyes slowly at the cry which the Herr had uttered, and recognizing him, smiled faintly.

"Ach, my poor frynd!" exclaimed the German, leaning over Shedrick with clasped hands, "what has happened? Dey say man wuz not injured."

He followed the bearers in. They were about to lay the negro upon the floor, when the Herr protested. The woman of the house now coming forward, they arranged a straw mattress and pillow upon the planks. Meanwhile a doctor had been sent for, some spirits had been found, and after Shedrick had drunk he was much revived. His face contracted painfully, however, as he made a futile effort to turn his body, and his eyes wandered uncertainly.

"Whar he?" he asked.

"Whar who, honey?" said the kindly woman, leaning over him.

"I think I seed him," replied Shedrick—"de hansum genterman whar played on de fiddle de yudder night."

The woman was at no loss to understand to whom he referred, and some one offered to go immediately and look for the "large genterman whar keyan't talk good."

The sympathetic German had walked away some distance to hide his tears. He turned back on the summons, and as he acquainted the other members of the troupe with the accident, they followed to the cabin. The signora's long cloak was flying behind her; she had thrown it back from her shoulders in the car, and on the bosom of her dress was fastened a bouquet, faded and rather tumbled. As they were entering the cabin, a buggy, driven at a furious rate, came over the hill, and pulling up, two men jumped out and approached the house. They were the doctor and Dandridge Singleton.

Herr Steinmarck caught Singleton's arm; the doctor passed into the house. "Ah, my friend," said the Herr, in German, which he had learned that Singleton understood, and pressing his hand, "I am so glad you have come! for the poor dying one there has sent for me, and I can neither understand nor speak well enough English even when I am unmoved."

"Come in," replied Dandridge. "I think that he must have been trying to follow you free—I mean without paying."

The passengers had behaved very decently, retiring and leaving only the doctor and the woman in the house with Shedrick. As Dandridge and the Herr went in, the other members of the troupe remained outside.

When the doctor rose up from his kneeling position near Shedrick, he made a sign to Dandridge indicating the gravity of the case.

"Ah! dah he, en Mist' Dan too," the poor fellow said, as he recognized the two, intense satisfaction showing even in his feeble voice. "Come hyar, Mist' Dan—come hyar en stoop down. Woan yer ask Mist' Hare jess ter play dat chewn—you know de one. Jess er little, yer know. I wuz gwine fer dat when I hear 'em say dey all wuz gwine stop in Bristol; en—en"—he hesitated, in pain, for an instant—"jess ask him."

Dandridge translated the message to the German, whose eyes welled up again.

He rushed away furiously for his violin, giving a passing word in explanation to his companions who stood near the train, and who also hurried back with him. The Herr entered the house immediately, threw his ulster to the woman, and began tuning his violin with suggestive haste. His hand trembled as he commenced the air which he thought Shedrick referred to—the one which had so struck Shedrick that "he didn't know whether he wanted him to go on or not."

Shedrick's eyes had brightened at the first sound of the strings, and he now turned them on the Herr, who stood playing whilst his tears actually ran down on the instrument. "Dat's hit; dat's de very chewn," said Shedrick, so faintly that he was hardly heard by the wondering group who stood around the door, and who were as silent as though in the presence of death.

"Go 'long, Misto Hare, go 'long." The smile on his lips was as faint as his words, and the forefinger of the hand which lay on his breast weakly marked the time.

The German lowered his violin and bowed his head. "*Ich kann nichts mehr*," he whispered, and knelt by Shedrick's side. The man's eyes remained fixed on the space that the musician had occupied, the smile was still on his face, and his finger still moved in time. It presently lay beside the other, but the smile remained.

Dandridge removed his hat; his breast rose and fell heavily. The Herr seized the just stilled hand in both of his, dropping his precious violin in doing so; then rose and went forth sobbing, to the utter bewilderment of the passengers and trainmen. He whispered to the troupe as he passed them at the gate. The signora started suddenly, and detached the bouquet from her dress. "The homage which he rendered me I return him!" she exclaimed, and going hastily into the cabin, she laid the flowers on Shedrick's breast. She emerged with her head back, both hands to her eyes, and exclaiming, "*Dio! Dio!*" It was a gesture she had used with effect on the boards, and which now worked automatically, even though she was really touched.

The doctor discovered that Shedrick was pierced by splinters which he could not account for. Shortly afterward, however, the hands engaged in righting the train found the fragments of a broken fiddle where Shedrick had been picked up, crushed and apparently dead. Herr Steinmarck called Dandridge to him, and after some conversation made a memorandum on his tablets. The country people were left in a state of mystification over the conduct of the foreigners, whilst Shedrick's own race made a great talking about the "'miration" made by "dem Dutch folks" over the death of Shedrick the Fiddler. The owner of the cabin shook her head when she saw the splinters of the violin. "Ah, Lawd! who knows but what hit's a jedgment fer leading folks estray," at which many colored people shook their heads too and moaned dismally.

Nearly a year had elapsed, when one day a foreign letter arrived for "Herr Dandridge Singleton, Tristville, United States of Virginia." It enclosed a draft for a considerable sum of money to be expended in placing a tombstone over that "poor black peasant" (*Bauer*), "Shedrick, who had the true artist soul." It was signed "Graf v. Braunfels, *soi-disant* Steinmarck."

"There!" said a young lady, to whom Mr. Singleton showed the letter; "I said that Herr Steinmarck was too distinguished-looking a man to be an ordinary strolling musician. I wonder what became of the others, and that woman, who, they say, made such a theatrical scene over the flowers?"

"Oh, come, don't be uncharitable, Bella. I love to think of those flowers and the signora's absurd misunderstanding about them; especially I enjoy thinking of certain 'jewrainjums.' They did the business." And he glanced at Miss Bella Norbon with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"I don't understand," she replied; and her face absolutely confirmed her words.

"Why, then, Shedrick didn't tell the— However, never mind; it's all right."

WILD-HOG HUNTING IN THE WEST.

Associated with scenes of sport, there is no State in the Union that affords as many different kinds of hunting as in Arkansas. Situated as it is below the snow-line, its turkeys, grouse, and quail suffer but little from the rigors of winter, while in both the spring and autumn it is the half-way house between North and South for many species of migratory fowl and waders. The forest, the prairie, and the dangers of the canebrake add to the excitement of the Arkansas hunter, but whether chasing the bear in the bottoms or riding for deer in the tall grass of the plains, he surmounts all difficulties with a recklessness peculiar only to those of the manor born.

There is a certain grandeur in this sombre country in winter. Its gaunt girdled trees whose leafless outlines appear like silhouettes against the leaden skies, the dense underbrush laden with crape-waving mosses, and brakes almost impenetrable from a net-work of vines—these are the haunts of many varieties of ground game and vermin, and in certain localities of numberless wild hogs. The latter are the descendants of once domesticated animals, which, unrestricted by the confines of pens, were allowed to range about at their own sweet will, until they too became as wild as the natural denizens of the wilderness. Having to forage for themselves, the characteristics of the hogs change materially. They are no longer huge mountains of indolent flesh, slothful in their habits, and harmless to those they meet. Bred in the homes of wild animals, with surroundings that necessitate self-protection, they become long sleek-looking brutes, almost black in color, and capable of tearing through the thicket's jungles at a remarkably fast rate of speed. They are as wary of the approach of man as an oft-hounded deer, and as they possess remarkably acute scenting powers, it is almost impossible to kill them by still-hunting. Under ordinary circumstances they will run away on the approach of the hunter; but when chance gives him a shot, should the boar be only wounded, the brute charges with terrible ferocity. He bristles with fury, his small black eyes snap with fire, while his teeth grind together in a way to upset most persons' nerves. On such occasions an infuriated boar is about as ugly a customer as one could meet.

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* "A little more and I would have died." The negroes of eastern Virginia have made a verb of "a little more," and use it with a pronoun like the French *faillir*, to offend, in fact.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads and the impracticability of using wheeled conveyances, every one rides in Arkansas, the men excellently and the women well and sometimes gracefully. Some of the horses are very fleet, many good jumpers, and all sure-footed. Big game has always been so abundant that the majority of Arkansas hunters disdain the pursuit of the small varieties. They love to hunt on horseback, and the deer are mostly all shot from the saddle. This style of still-hunting, however, soon palls upon the devil-may-care boys on the plantations. When they want a regular hunting frolic, they go the rounds of the neighboring plantations and make up a pack of dogs of every description, from the deep-voiced Southern hound to the yelping cur of low degree. The best horses are saddled, and the cavalcade starts out on a big hog hunt. The hunters are armed with shot-guns and knives, and behind them follows a crowd of grinning negroes, of all ages and colors, knee-deep in the heterogeneous pack of dogs. Soon some sharp-eyed darky discovers the signs of where the hogs have been rooting, and a moment later the pack gives tongue in every variety of canine music. Down into the canebrake go dogs and horsemen, helter-skelter, horn-blowing, crashing, and hallooing with the noise of a small tornado. It is now every one for himself. Hunters are unseated by overhanging vines, and negroes with barked shins follow limping behind. The dogs are far on ahead, and every now and then, from their racket concentrated in one spot, the hogs are known to have rallied and are at bay. Then above the tumult rises the short sharp yelp of some gored hound whose undaunted courage has made him face the savage enemy at close quarters. On the approach of the hunters the hogs scatter in all directions, and on reaching the scene of the conflict too often is the ground strewn with the mangled bodies of the plucky dogs. As the hunt progresses, the ranks of the herd are thinned by the shots of the hunters.

It is no child's play to ride hard and well up to the hounds in the interwoven brakes which cover the rich soil of these vast bottom-lands. At last only the best-mounted horsemen and the most powerful of the dogs are left in the hunt, and the largest and fiercest hogs afoot. They have rallied several times already, and beaten the dogs off, and gone on skirting the canes at a good pace. When one of these old boars, however, is brought to bay by the stoutest-hearted of the dogs, the battle which ensues for pure pluck and ferocity baffles description. Hog-hunting is at best a savage sport, and though beginning always as a frolic, sometimes ends in serious mishaps to one or more of the hunters.

THE BROOKLYN METHODIST CENTENNIAL.

The Brooklyn Methodists have just celebrated the Centennial of the denomination in that city. The Centennial has given prominence to the old Sands Street building, of which on another page we give an exterior and an interior view.

At an early stage in his career **John Wesley**, alluding to certain restrictions which hindered his work, said, "The world is my parish." When he died, in 1791, his words had become literally true. Nowhere did the principles of **Wesley** find more hearty acceptance than in these United States. The first batch of Methodists came to our shores in 1760. They were Germans who had found temporary refuge in Ireland. Among them was **Philip Embury** and the famous **Barbara Heck**. The first home of Methodism in America was New York; the first place of meeting was in William Street, and was secured in 1767; and the first John Street Church was built in 1770. In 1768 the first Methodist sermon was preached in Brooklyn—one hundred and nineteen years ago. The preacher was Captain **Thomas Webb**, a retired officer of the British army, who had joined **Embury**, and with him was carrying on the work in New York. It was not till the fall of 1787 that **Woolman Hickson**, a Methodist exhorter, visited Brooklyn, and it is not until his visit that the history of Methodism in the sister city can be said to begin. **Hickson** preached in the open air, from a table, near the site of the present Sands Street Church. He was encouraged to repeat his visits, and accommodation was provided for his audience in the cooper's shop of **Peter Cannon**, near Fulton Ferry. In November, 1787, a class was organized, and out of this class grew Sands Street Church.

It was not, however, until 1794 that any substantial progress was made, delay having been occasioned by the removal of **Hickson** to another sphere of labor; but in May of that year a meeting was held in the home of **Peter Cannon**, and what came to be known as the Sands Street Methodist Episcopal Church was formally organized. A Board of Trustees was elected, consisting of **John Garrison**, **Thomas Van Pelt**, **Burdett Stryker**, **Isaac Moser**, **Richard Everett**, and **Stephen Hendrickson**. In September of the same year ground was purchased from Mr. **Joshua Sands**; the corner-stone of the church was laid without delay by the Rev. **William Phœbus**; and in the following June the edifice was completed and occupied, the dedication sermon being preached by the first pastor, the Rev. **Joseph Totten**. The end gallery of the church was set apart for colored people. It was the first Methodist church in Brooklyn, and at that time there were only two other ecclesiastical organizations in what was afterward to become the proud City of Churches—St. Ann's Episcopal, dedicated 1787, and the old Dutch church, dedicated 1666. **Asbury**, who was then Bishop, and the only Methodist Bishop in America, occupied the pulpit in October. Under a succession of pastors the church prospered, until during the pastorate of the Rev. **Cyrus Stebbings** the building was considerably enlarged to accommodate worshippers.

By this time the congregation had found a singularly useful and helpful friend in the person of Mr. **Joseph Harper**, grandfather of the original **Harper** brothers, who had come to this country from England in 1740. Mr. **Harper** was elected a trustee of Sands Street Church in 1800, and from that date many signs of improvement began to be visible. The building was kept in better order, the comfort of the congregation was cared for, and as there was not as yet any proper residence provided for the ministers, his house became their home. A parsonage was built in 1809, ground being gifted by Mr. **Sands**, who had already, although not of the denomination, proved himself a warm friend of the cause in Brooklyn. In 1810, larger accommodations being needed, what was afterward known as the "Old White Church" was built. By-and-by a larger house was required, and in January, 1844, an elegant brick structure (60 by 80) was dedicated. A new parsonage also was built. Church and parsonage had cost some $18,000; but the society was prosperous, and equal to its obligations. Of the $18,000, $8000 had been paid, leaving a balance of $10,000. Four years had elapsed since the dedication, and arrangements were in progress to pay off the balance due on the property, when, on Saturday night, August 11, 1848, the new church, with much adjoining property, was destroyed by fire. Only the bare walls were left. It was a sad blow; but courage and confidence were left, and it was not long until the present edifice grew out of the ruins.

Originally the church stood alone; but it has gradually been encroached upon, until for many years the front only has been visible. The walls of the interior are adorned with many memorial tablets, and in the rear of the church, where there is a remnant of what was once a graveyard, several memorial stones have been preserved, notably one which records the virtues and the services of the pious and eloquent **Summerfield**. One writes with regret of Sands Street Church. It has had a noble career. It is associated with many illustrious memories. It has for the best part of a hundred years done excellent work, and it will ever be remembered as the mother church of Brooklyn Methodism.

THE NAVAL DRILL AT NEWPORT.

Enveloped by smoke, and noisy with guns which barked but did not bite, Newport was gallantly captured in the forenoon of November 10th by the ships of the North Atlantic Squadron. The defence fought valorously; the carnage, previously provided for in a carefully calculated scale of probabilities, was dire; the deeds of valor, individual, collective, and unwitting, were doughty; and in the end the gun-dominated and torpedo-salted passage-way which swirls noisily by Brenton's Reef, Castle Hill, and the innocuous ramparts of Fort Adams, was forced only after the complete destruction (by the umpires) of the cruisers *Galena* and *Ossipee*. It was as stirring an engagement as one would care to see on an autumn day, and in the din and clamor of battle it was as well fought with puffing smoke, gun cranks, and electric circuit closers, as it has been previously contested around the Admiral's cabin table with paper bullets of the brain.

Circumstances, of course, made the struggle mainly spectacular, but even here the dramatic unities were preserved with a fine appreciation of their picturesque possibilities and a tender reverence for the traditions of our past. The best intentions, therefore, cannot make it anything but a matter of sentiment, a reminiscence of by-gone war days, for it recalled what had been, rather than suggested what might be, when, sooner perhaps than we expect, modern rifle-bolts, long-range guns, and transferable fortresses will be knocking the steeples and chimney-pots about our ears from the attacking vantage-grounds which fringe our sea horizon. It was a picture filled with memories of the past, for it began and ended as an object lesson in the game of war that was fought when the names of Farragut and Foote and Dupont, and peer of all, of sturdy John Rodgers, were as familiar in our mouths as household words. Stone forts and wooden walls were the elements, all the fighting vessels, except the *Atlanta*—as the *Dolphin* has no place in this enumeration of the ships—being slow, timber-built corvettes which flaunted a Brummagem defiance of smooth-bore, pot-metal guns. And the defence—ah! the pathetic defence offered by the bold artillerymen!—a sister array of pieces which now belong technically to the old red sandstone period; bottle-shaped cast-iron Rodmans which for long years have drowsily lowered in a golden silence over the parapets, or sleepily peered through the embrasures of the works that ought to, but do not, defend Narragansett Bay.

Just as the gray and gusty dawn was awakening, the war ships picked up their anchors and crawled seaward warily, for the waters between Bull Point and the fort were sown with Quaker mines, and the fairway, previously traced and buoyed by the vedette boats, was tortuous with many a twist and turn. The flag-ship *Richmond* led the column, and in close order the *Ossipee*, *Dolphin*, *Galena*, and *Atlanta* followed. Once clear of Brenton's Reef and fairly off shore, a preliminary rehearsal proved that the well-graced actors were, as the prompter has it, dead-letter perfect in their lines. And so, soon after half past eight, signal flags bourgeoned and bloomed at the *Richmond's* mast-head, and a moment later answering pennants from the other ships blossomed with a cheery "Ay, ay, sir," to the orders which bade them "Prepare for attack," and "Run the enemy's battery."

In the old days, when Newport's sailors carried the commerce of the land, and ran in, mindless of gauger and tide-waiter, many a cargo of rum, molasses, and blackbirds, it was their boast that the port was the only one from Halifax to the Florida Capes that ship could make with a northwest wind, and that even this could only be when the naval and military collectors of tolls opened the gates of the impregnable channel-way and bade it enter. But what are foul winds or fair to the modern steamer which spitefully dashes with churning screw past the edges of rocks that rise from the waters on the side opposite to fort and battery? So little that, in less time than it takes to tell, the squadron in column of vessel, on a course northeast-by-east, and at a distance apart which later almost made the leader's spanker-boom end kiss the jib-nettings of his follower, steamed landward.

Past Brenton's Point and Castle Hill it came, the national ensigns flying at the mast-heads of every ship, the crews at quarters with loaded guns and tautened lock-strings, the barricaded tops peppery with Gatlings, the signal flags nimble as wheeling swallows and filled with the colors of prismatic beams, and over all a silence that seemed a part of something more than mimic warfare, and that was broken only by the crisp archaic words of command to those who steered the ships. On it came, a furrow of foam astern, and a bone in its teeth, conveying even in its relative weakness a sense of the mighty power which beyond all other forces moving ships seem to possess in such an overmastering degree. From the cove of Castle Hill, where the sea has bitten a vicious mouthful of weedy rock out of the cliff, a flotilla of re-enforcing torpedo launches took the van—lame ducks, these, in speed and in power of attack, but giants refreshed in rattling engines, throbbing hulls, asthmatic boilers, and serene self-complacency. And, as the war game went, just in the nick of time. For cat-like, with two long steel bristles of torpedo spars to each, and sterns low crouching in the sea, a division of Herreshoff boats rushed seaward toward the old dowagers of launches, and in one spring were about to make mince-meat of them, when the galling gun-fire ruled the attack defeated. "One for the Fleet," scored the umpires; and then the preliminary squall which had rained bullets from the machine and rapid fire pieces being over, there came from the *Richmond's* forecastle gun a "bang!" that really ought to be printed in capital letters, and in full-faced type. What a sonorous roar it was! one of those round and earth-filling bursts of challenge that make up in deep-mouthed swagger what they lack in bone and sinew and good beef-begotten muscle. Small as it looks here, it opened the fight and awakened into a hoarse grumble the half-cleared larynx and long-muzzled jaws of the shore great guns.

From this time forward it was noise everywhere; noise and smoke. How the *Richmond* raved and roared as she shot past the fort, careless of the dull and venomous torpedoes that lurked in the waters beneath! The *Galena's* broadsides bellowed even as the bull we are always quoting, him of Bashan; the rapid-fire guns of the *Dolphin* chattered like an evicted tenantry of Borneo apes; the *Ossipee's* battery raised a din that Benbow never mated; and in a higher key the *Atlanta's* rifles shrieked with a concert-pitch whistle that owed its intensity to lungs inflated with great charges of the latest mode in villanous saltpetre. Such a hullabaloo, such a near touch-at-elbow to the real thing was it all, that it would have been most inspiring to combatant and spectator had the smoke permitted even the faintest view. Noise and smoke left no perspective; it was noise and smoke, or smoke and noise, everywhere: smoke brooding on the water like gigantic sea-birds, smoke flying landward like great storm-sphered clouds; quick puffs of flame, echoes repeated seaward, half-caught glimpses of mast-heads, streaks of hazy red and blue, as the national ensigns trembled through the mist, faint silhouettes of ships' hulls and working sponges and rammers, another puff of flame, a roar, more smoke, and yet smokier still. Signals were of no use—they never are nor never will be with great guns and carbon explosives—but "Luce expected every man to do his duty," and they did it.

The umpires, keen to earn their salt, tried to follow the fortunes of battle, and enjoyingly thought of that night of easier labor, when the *Atlanta's* search lights picked out hapless whale-boats struggling against fate and white paint, and as if with the Vril power of the Coming Race, put them out of action with a single pitiless beam. They did catch, at last, the *Galena* and the *Ossipee*, and with a promptitude deserving of a better cause immediately declared them, their crews, tackle, armament, and equipment, blown sky-high, and out of the play forever. The rest of the vessels ran the forts safely, turned with an easy sheer of starboard helm for the westward side of Rose Island, caught the clear space in water and in sky, and with the sunlight on their colors and black hulls, and the smoke clouds driven to leeward, rounded the little island, and stood up for their anchorage off Coddington's Point. And so the day was won. When all hands were piped later for more peaceful labors, and the Jackies had flooded, and sanded, and scrubbed, and holy-stoned, and squilgeed, and swabbed the decks into the whiteness of a hound's tooth, they sat down to an early dinner, proud of having "licked them sojers," and unconscious of the fact that before the day was over the soldiers and marines would—as our political orators were in the habit of putting it in the late municipal elections—get them on the run, and keep them going.

It may be asked, and very properly, of what use is all this sham fighting? And the answer is a very simple one. As a mere drill it is no more than a nautical trifling with Shakespeare and the musical glasses, for at the best it is a form of mild experimenting in which nothing that is used ought to be, or is, now employed in modern warfare. But it has a double value—negatively in showing what we have not and positively in what we should have, not only in ships and guns and coast defences, but in the organization and administration of our naval and military services. Congress and the Administration are certainly trying to recreate the navy, and in four years there will be afloat surely twenty-five, possibly forty, new vessels that will be a credit to any nation, and a most satisfactory nucleus for a fighting fleet. But at present we have available for service only two modern machines of any type, the *Atlanta* and *Dolphin*; and of the other so-called fighting ships which took part in this drill, not one has a sustained sea-speed of eleven knots, and none carries a single modern great gun.

The truth is, we have lagged in the great race for maritime equality, and it will be years before we can resume the position we once held, and which is rightfully ours. This rehabilitation can come only from the exercise of an intelligent popular opinion, excited either by a sense of justice or by the fear of what foreign complications may precipitate at any time. It is not enough to know that our honor is defenceless, that our integrity is assailable at every point where armed assault can be operative; but we ought, from the grossly material stand-point of dollars and cents, to look at this question as a simple matter of the cheapest insurance upon an enormous invested capital, and take action, action, action. This country needs a navy mainly for coast defence, for to it this duty nearly altogether belongs. It needs ships of all types, torpedo-boats, forts, guns; it requires a trained *personnel*, a reserve to supply the loss by waste and casualty; and, first of all, such a system of organization in the Navy Department that the energy available can and will be utilized. None of these things exist now; will the people give them? For these, after all, are the real lessons taught by such exercises as the late naval drill at Newport.

J. D. J. **Kelley**.

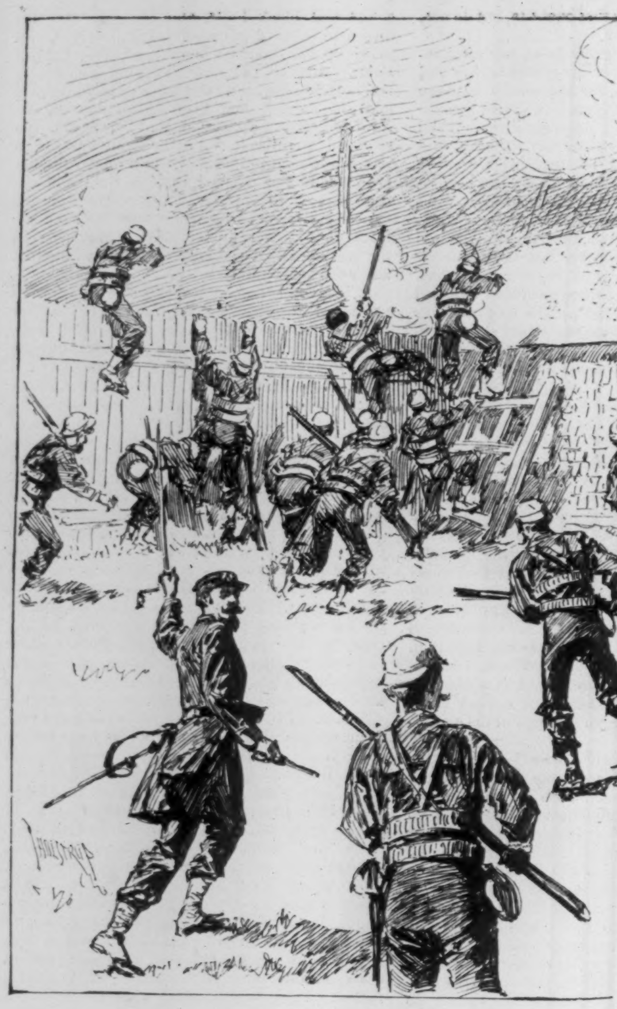
THE THOMAS SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Professor Ehrlich, the eminent Berlin critic, recently confessed, after examining the records of our last musical season, that living German composers receive more attention in New York than in Berlin, and that we also have the privilege of hearing compositions of the older classical period which are unknown to the concert-goers of the German capital. Perhaps a French critic, if he followed the example of Professor Ehrlich, might make a similar discovery regarding French compositions; and no one can say that Russian or Italian compositions are neglected here. Moreover, eminent foreign musicians like Materna, Niemann, and Seidl have admitted that our Philharmonic Orchestra is, all in all, the best in the world.

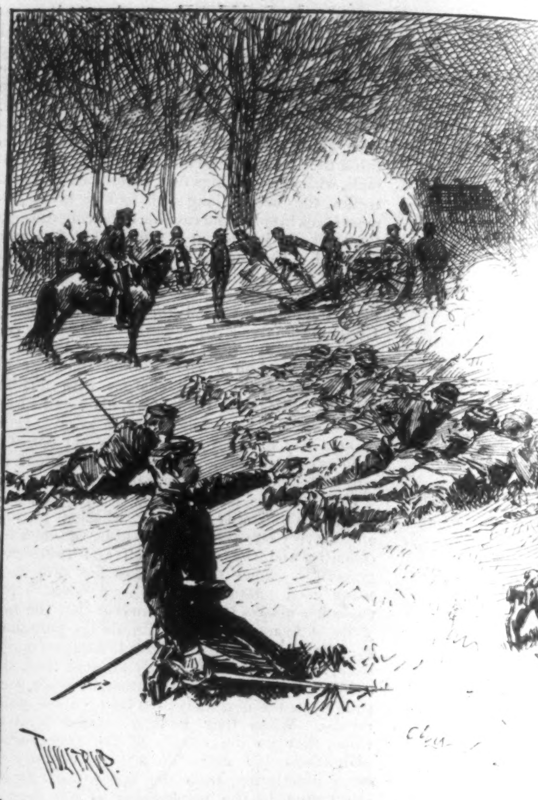
It is no wonder, therefore, that the musical public of New York is extremely fastidious and somewhat spoiled. Last winter, for instance, many were indignant because Mr. Theodore Thomas did not devote himself exclusively to New York, but travelled about the country with the National Opera Company; and there was some ground for dissatisfaction because often, when his orchestra paid a flying visit to New York, the musicians were so fatigued that they could not do justice to themselves. This winter, however, New York will practically have a monopoly of Mr. Thomas and his orchestra, which now consists almost exclusively of young men, and is the best that has ever been heard in this country. Mr. Thomas intends to give twelve Symphony Concerts in Steinway Hall, preceded by twelve public rehearsals, and in addition twelve Young People's Matinées, at which only short pieces, easily understood, will be played.

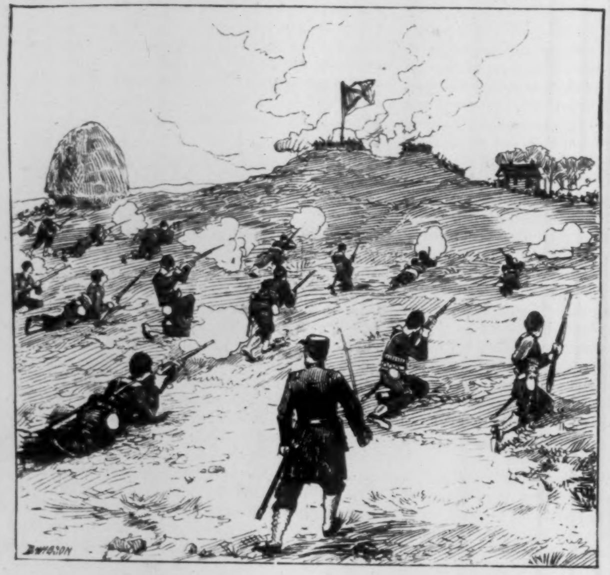
A glance at any one of the programmes of these concerts shows that the pieces in it are arranged with a subtle regard for variety and emotional contrasts, in which no conductor has ever surpassed Mr. Thomas, and which is partly the result of twenty years' experience. The Young People's Matinées will no doubt be appreciated by those parents who recognize the fact that the best way to guard their children against vulgar and demoralizing amusements is to cultivate their taste for refined pleasures.

Some of the standard pieces which have for many years been heard at the Thomas concerts will receive a fresh interest from the new reading Mr. Thomas is giving them in accordance with the methods of phrasing suggested by Dr. Riemann, of Hamburg, the ablest musical theorist of the period. Mr. Seidl last year excited much discussion by his Wagnerian reading of Beethoven's symphonies; and during the past summer Mr. Damrosch has been studying the methods of Dr. Hans von Bülow. If any one hereafter fails to appreciate classical compositions, it will be surely his own fault.

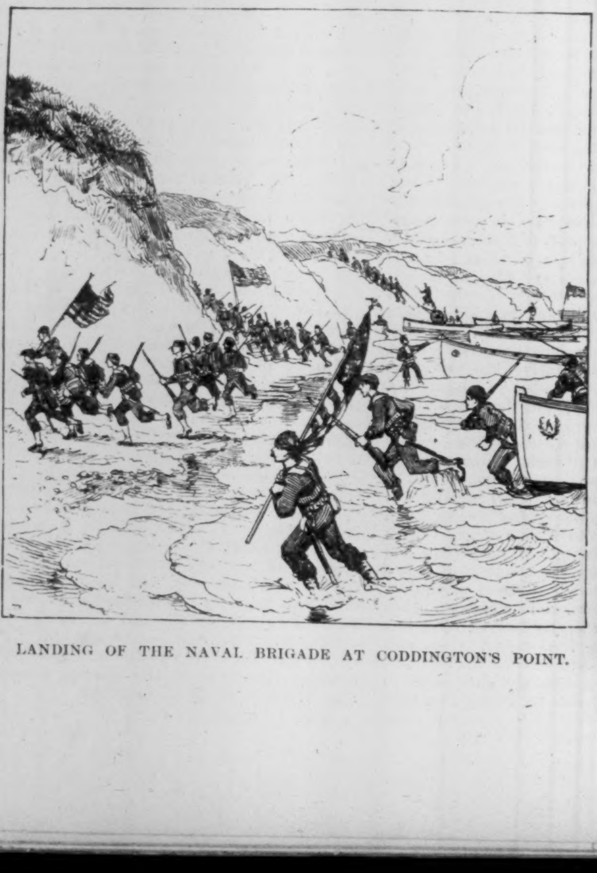


SAILORS' REPULSE AT RAILROAD CUT.

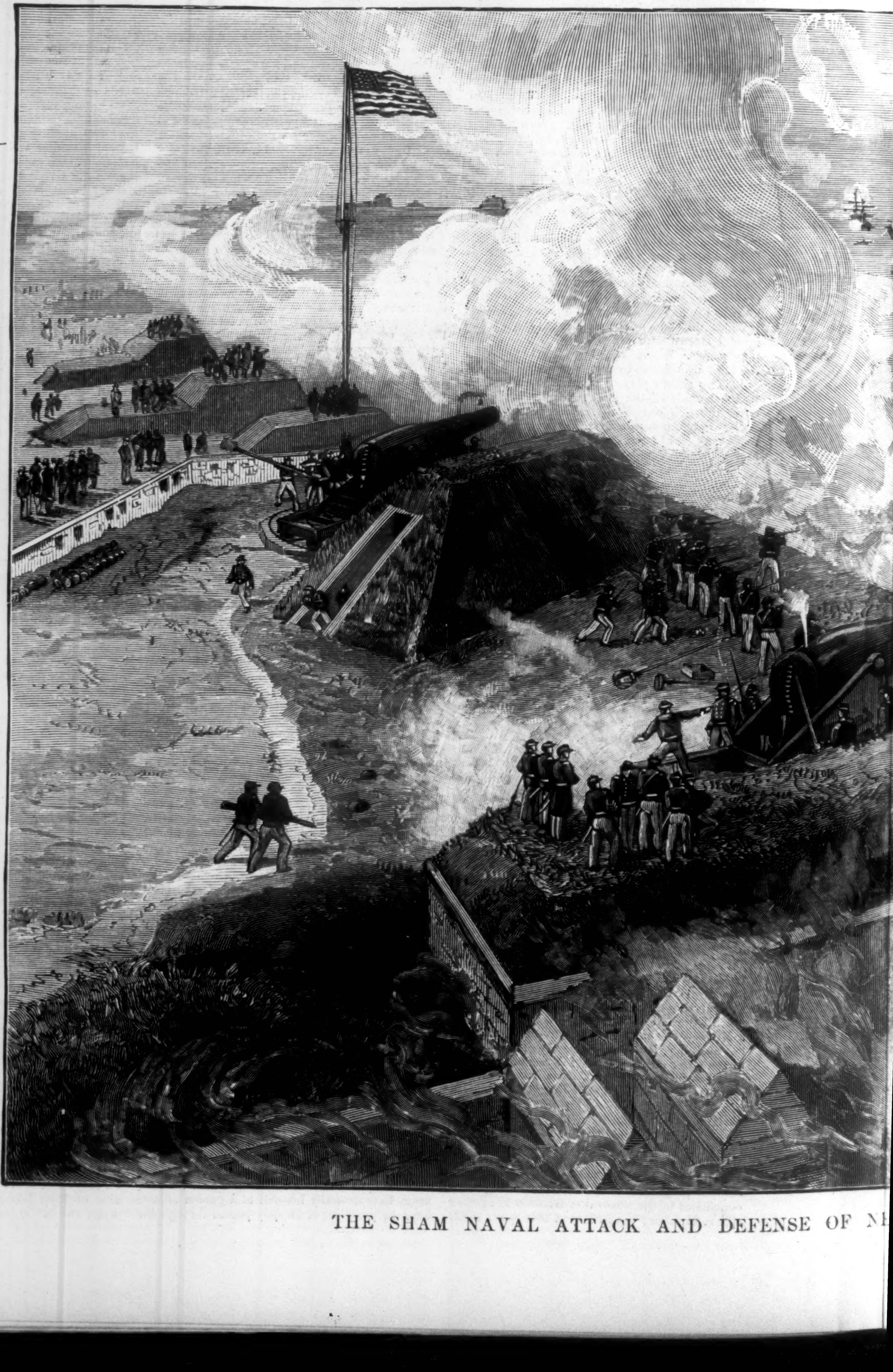




THE "ATLANTA'S" MEN ADVANCING AS SKIRMISHERS.



LANDING OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT CODDINGTON'S POINT.



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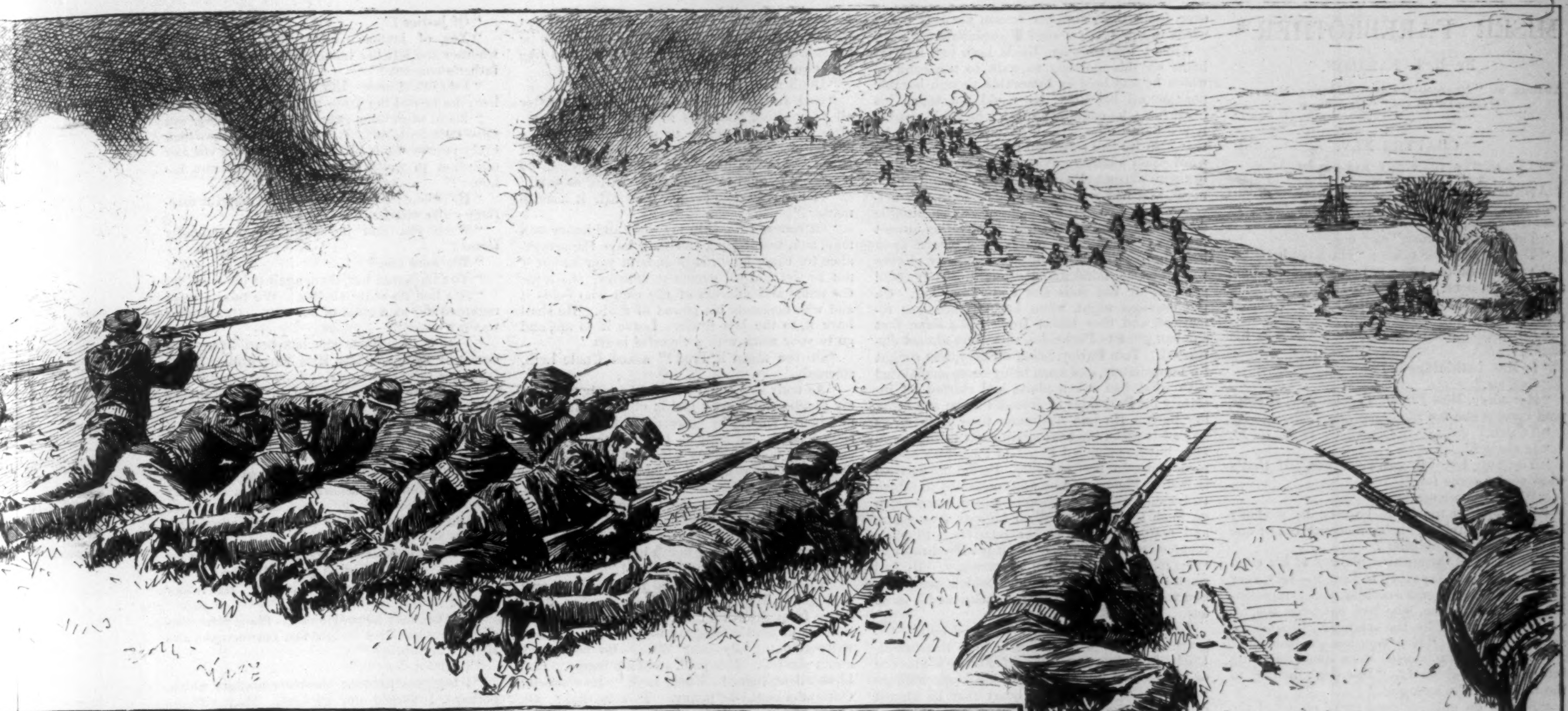
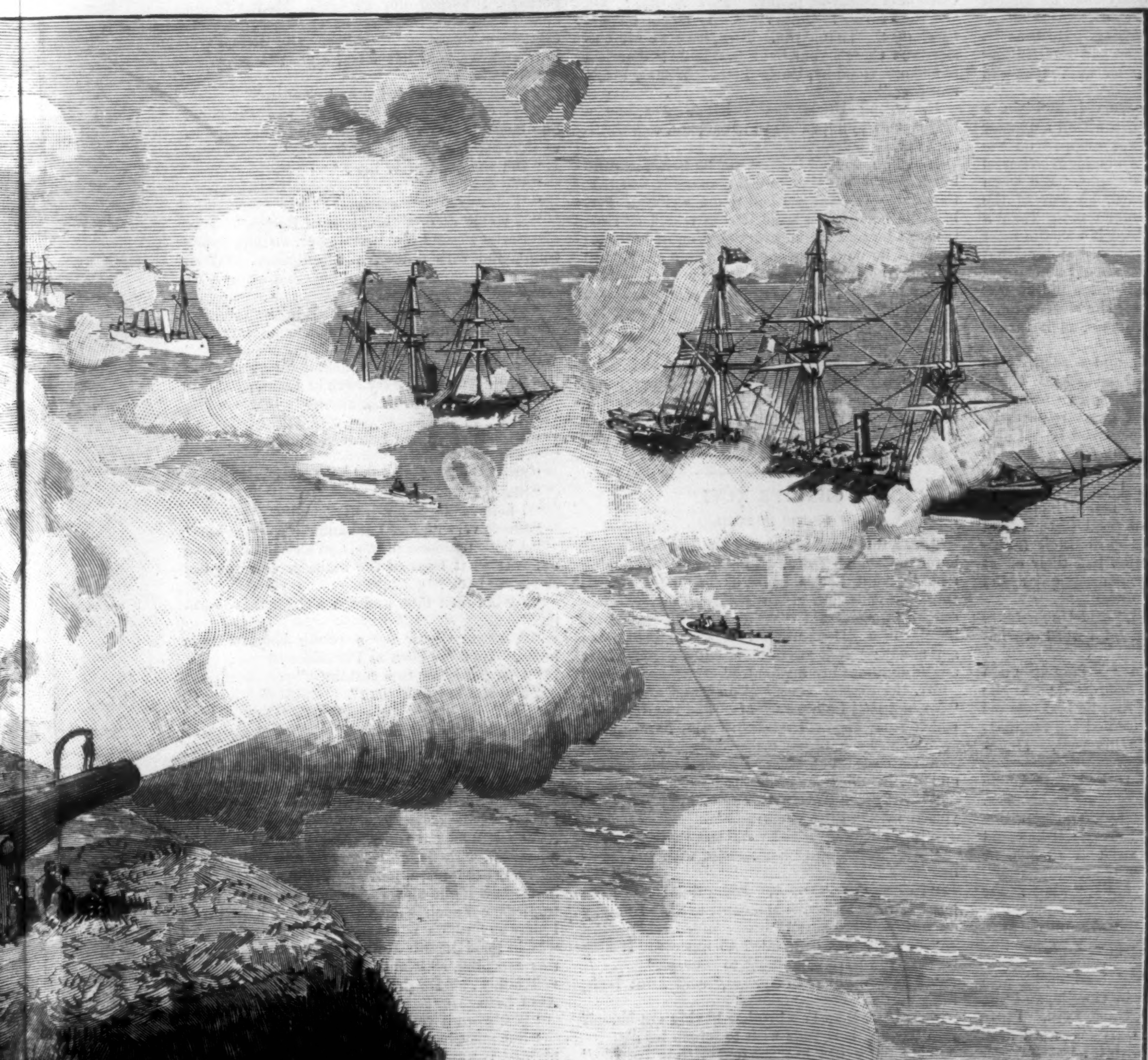
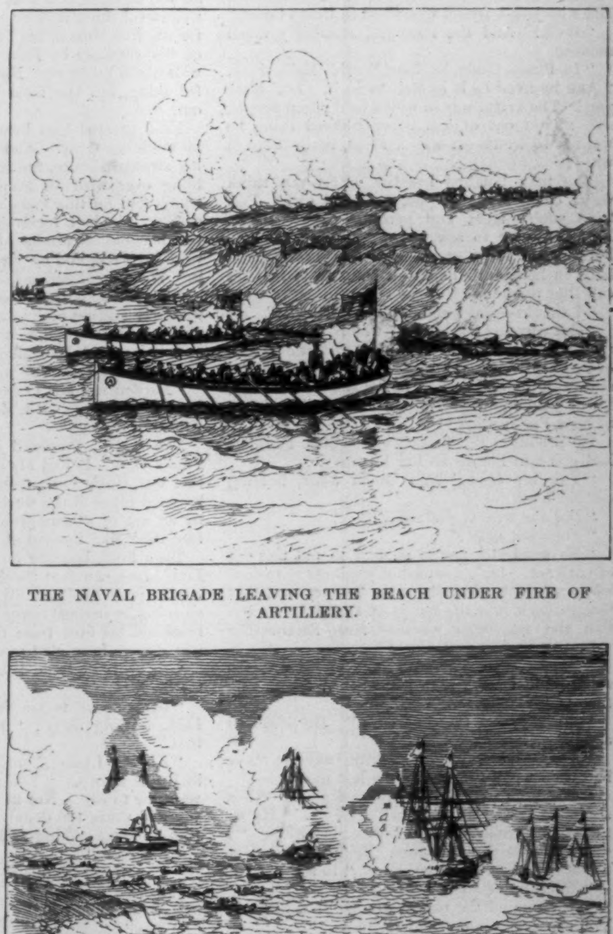
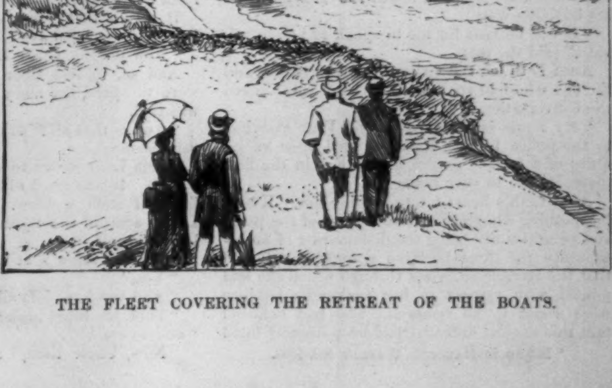


THE SAILORS' RETREAT TO THE LANDING.





THE NAVAL BRIGADE LEAVING THE BEACH UNDER FIRE OF ARTILLERY.



THE FLEET COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE BOATS.

NEWPORT.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 855.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

BETTER THAN ANY DAY-DREAM.

At five o'clock of the following afternoon two men paused in front of Uncle Leth's house in Camden Town, and looked up at the windows.

"This is the number," said one.

"Yes," replied the other; "she lives here."

A rat-tat with the knocker brought 'Melia Jane to the street door.

"Is Mr. Lethbridge at home?" asked one of the men.

"No, sir," replied 'Melia Jane; "he's at his bank."

"Is Mrs. Lethbridge in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Her niece, Miss Phœbe Farebrother, is stopping here, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is *she* in?"

"Yes, sir; but you can't see her. If that's what you've come for."

"Why can't we see her?"

"'Cause she's too ill to be seen by anybody but us. Poor thing! she's no sooner out of one fit than she's into another."

"Ah!" And the speaker glanced at his companion. "I am very sorry to hear it—very, very sorry." His voice was soothing and sympathizing, and 'Melia Jane, who had not been too favorably impressed by the strangers, became instantly mollified. "How long has she been ill?"

"Oh, come!" exclaimed 'Melia Jane, relapsing into her original view. "*You* don't belong to the family, as I'm aware of."

"No, we do not, my good girl," observed the man; "but that would not prevent me from feeling pity for any young lady who is ill, I hope." He smiled so kindly upon 'Melia Jane that she did not know what to think of him. "Perhaps it's what occurred last night that has upset her?"

"I don't know what occurred last night," said 'Melia Jane, sharply; "do you?"

"Why, my girl, a number of things occur every night. Which particular one do you refer to?"

"I once knowed a girl," said 'Melia Jane, with an air of scornful defiance, "who knowed another girl who had a friend who lived in Pump Court."

"Well?" said the stranger, seemingly much amused.

"In Pump Court he lived," said 'Melia Jane. "And he lived *by* it as well as *in* it. Lor' bless you! The artful way in which he'd pump people, so's to get out of 'em every blessed thing he wanted to know—it was a sight, that's what it was!"

The man laughed heartily. "So you think we've come to pump you, my good girl! Perhaps you're right and perhaps you're wrong. Now if I were to ask you whether Miss Phœbe Farebrother slept at home last night—I mean here, in her aunt's house—I suppose you would call that pumping?"

"I should—and I shouldn't answer you."

"But why, my good girl?—why? Is there any reason for secrecy in so simple a matter? However, I will *not* ask you, and in proof that I'm not quite the bad sort of fellow you take me for, I will just inquire whether this brooch belongs to Miss Farebrother."

He produced the brooch which Mrs. Pamflett had given to Phœbe on her birthday.

"Yes, it's hern," said 'Melia Jane, holding out her hand for it.

"Did she wear it yesterday?"

"Pumping ag'in!"

"My good girl, you're enough to put one out of patience. Isn't it an act of kindness to restore lost property? But one must be sure first that it gets back into the hands of the right owner. Can you remember whether Miss Farebrother wore this brooch yesterday?"

"No, I can't remember. And now I come to think of it, I 'ain't seen her wear it for a long time past."

"But she wore this yesterday." He produced a veil.

"Yes," said 'Melia Jane, a little eagerly; "she had it on when she went away last night to—"

"Why don't you finish, my good girl? When she went away last night to Parksides." He returned the brooch and the veil to his pocket. "I won't trouble you any more. Be kind enough to tell Mrs. Lethbridge that we wish to see her."

"What name shall I say?"

"Never mind the name; she will not know it. You can say on particular business."

Leaving the men in the passage with the street door open, 'Melia Jane went up to Phœbe's bedroom, and gave the message to her mistress, who came down at once, and asked the stranger what his business was.

"It will be best for me to speak to you in private," said the man.

Aunt Leth led the visitors into the parlor, and the one who had spoken all through commenced the conversation.

"My name is Beeminster, and I am attached to the police force. I am engaged upon an inquiry of a serious nature, and it has, in the first place, led me to your house."

Aunt Leth's heart fainted within her. Knowing nothing whatever of business, or of the pains and penalties attending the dishonoring of an acceptance for three hundred pounds, she feared that the terrible anxieties through which she had passed with respect to her husband's liability were about to be renewed. She had believed that this special difficulty had been happily tided over for a time, and her reason for this belief needs in this place a word of explanation.

Almost heart-broken, Uncle Leth had left his home on this morning to walk to the bank in which he had held an honorable though humble position all his life. He could not touch his breakfast; he could not speak; he could scarcely see before him. So utterly prostrate was he that his wife had refrained from uttering a single word upon another anxious subject which filled her with alarm. Phœbe had been absent all the night, and had returned as Uncle Leth was getting out of bed. Her condition was so pitiable as to cause Aunt Leth and Fanny the utmost distress. There were marks of violence upon her, she was bruised and bleeding, her clothes were torn, her mind was distraught. They could get nothing but sobs and tears from her. On the previous night, when her absence was remarked, and they learnt from 'Melia Jane that she had gone to Parksides, they were almost distracted. Tom Barley, being off duty, was sought for immediately, and upon being made acquainted with what had taken place, had started off instantly for Parksides to protect Phœbe and bring her back. He had not much time to spare, as he had to go on his beat again early in the morning; but he managed to get to Parksides and to reconnoitre for half an hour. He did not succeed in finding Phœbe, and he was compelled to return to London without her—determined, however, to go back to Parksides when he was free again, and restore Phœbe to her relatives. Phœbe's reappearance in Camden Town rendered the carrying out of his resolution unnecessary. He had seen something at Parksides which perplexed and troubled him; but he had mentioned it to no one.

Utterly absorbed and overwhelmed by the disgrace and ruin with which he was threatened, Uncle Leth knew nothing of Phœbe's absence or return, and he started for his bank with so heavy a weight upon his heart that he almost prayed for death. No day-dreams on this morning; the reality was too crushing. He thought it was a dull morning; but the sun was shining and the air was sweet. So he walked on—to ruin, as he believed.

But a wonderful thing occurred, and yet a simple thing. For, surely, when within a quarter of a mile of the bank, he was clapped on the shoulder by Fred Cornwall. An incident so trivial was scarcely worth a second thought. But when he reflected upon it afterward, he was of the opinion that it was worth much more than a second thought, and that indeed it was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to him, that for the first time in his life he should be clapped on his shoulder by Fred Cornwall while he was walking to business. Not only the most wonderful thing, but the most fortunate, as it turned out.

Fred greeted him heartily and cordially, and he made no reply. At first Fred did not notice his strange silence, for the young man was bubbling over with an event of great importance which had on this morning occurred in his own career. He had received a brief in a case in which some hundreds of thousands of pounds were involved, and he was in high feather about it. With great animation he made Uncle Leth acquainted with this piece of good fortune, and went on talking and talking until Uncle Leth's singular silence and abstraction had their effect upon him, and he suddenly paused and asked Uncle Leth whether he was unwell.

"Pardon me, Mr. Cornwall," said Uncle Leth, humbly; "I have not understood a word of what you were saying."

The "Mr." Cornwall struck strangely upon Fred's ears. It had always been Fred; but the fact was, Uncle Leth, feeling that he had lost his honored place in the world, deemed the familiarity an act of presumption on his part. Therefore the "Mr." instead of Fred.

Then Fred, bending down to look into Uncle Leth's face, saw that there were tears in his eyes. Uncle Leth was as tall as Fred, but on this morning he stooped lower than usual; if he could have hid his face from the sight of all men he would have been glad to do so.

"Uncle Leth," said Fred, gently, "what is the matter?"

"Don't speak to me like that," sobbed Uncle Leth, turning away; "don't speak to me like that!"

"Ah, but I must," said Fred, hooking his arm in Uncle Leth's. "You are in trouble, and you want me to run. Not likely, Uncle Leth. I love you and yours too deeply. Only one word first. Has Phœbe anything to do with it?"

"No, Fred."

"You *are* in trouble?"

"Yes."

"About money?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me all about it. I give you my honest word I will not leave you till you do. You have a good ten minutes to spare: you started from home earlier than usual this morning."

It was a fact, but until this moment Uncle Leth had not been aware of it.

"Now tell me, Uncle Leth."

And so, in less than the ten minutes there were to spare, the story of the impending ruin was told.

"And is that all?" cried Fred, to Uncle Leth's astonishment.

Uncle Leth strove to disengage his arm from Fred's. It was cruel of the young man to make light of such a blow. But Fred held Uncle Leth's arm all the tighter, and he could not release himself.

"Do they know it at home?" asked Fred.

"Yes."

"And you have left all of them in trouble?"

"They are heart-broken," sobbed Uncle Leth; "and so am I!"

"Now, Uncle Leth," said Fred, with a comfortable squeeze at Uncle Leth's arm, "just you listen to me a moment. There is nothing to be heart-broken about when you have a friend like me at your elbow."

"Don't mock me, Fred!"

"God forbid that I should! What! After all your sweet goodness to my darling Phœbe, after all your kindness to me, to think that I should mock you! I am going to get you out of your trouble. A nice thing friendship would be if it wasn't equal to such a little matter as this!"

"A little matter, Fred! You call it a little matter!"

"Of course I do. On my word and honor as a man, as a true friend, you shall have the acceptance for three hundred pounds in your hands, if not to-night, at all events to-morrow. Give me the name and address of the man who holds it and who demands his pound of flesh. He shall have it, to the last grain. Leave it to me, and go to your work with a cheerful heart."

"Do you mean it, Fred?" asked Uncle Leth, solemnly.

"As truly as I stand here! As truly as I love my Phœbe, the dearest girl in all the wide world, of whom I should be unworthy if I failed you at such a pinch—as truly as I hope, despite all obstacles, to make her my wife, and to live a long and happy life with her! Quick, now, your time is almost up. Give me Shylock's name and address, and the thing is done. Ah! that is it, is it? I shall be able to settle the affair with him."

"God bless you, Fred!" said Uncle Leth, carried away by the young man's impetuous enthusiasm. "God in heaven bless you!"

"I hope so. And you and yours, and my own dear girl! Why, here's a telegraph office, three doors from the bank! We have just forty-five seconds to send a telegram to Aunt Leth. I will write it out. 'My dear Wife,—Do not worry about the bill. It is paid, and I am happy. God bless all at home! Uncle Leth.' How much? One-and-a-penny-ha'penny. How is that? Oh yes, the address! Quite right. Tenpence-ha'penny change. Thank you. Now, here we are outside, and there's your bank; and—hi!—here's a hansom. Good-by, Uncle Leth. What a lovely morning!"

He wrung Uncle Leth's hand, gave him a bright smile, jumped into the cab, and was whirled away.

How he managed it need not be here recapitulated. Sufficient that he *did* manage it, and that the affair was arranged before one o'clock. Perhaps he borrowed a trifle from a friend or two; perhaps he scraped up every shilling of his own; perhaps he paid a business visit to a gentleman whose trade-mark was three beautiful golden balls; perhaps he left another acceptance for a smaller amount than the original bill, with his own and a good friend's name on it, in Shylock's hands. But all the perhapsing in the world would have been useless had he not succeeded in bringing the matter to a satisfactory issue. And there he was at the bank exactly as the clock struck one, and asking to be allowed to say a word to Mr. Lethbridge, whispered in his ear, "It is all right."

CHAPTER XLVI.

PHŒBE IN PERIL.

After this breaking out of the sun in the dear home in Camden Town, with respect to the money trouble, Aunt Leth's heart, as has been stated, fainted within her when Mr. Beeminster, introducing himself, said that he had called upon an inquiry of a serious nature. She mustered courage to say: "Is it anything about a debt? Is it anything about my husband?"

Mr. Beeminster stared at her, and answered: "No, not that I am aware of. The inquiry upon which I am engaged relates to Miss Farebrother—your niece—and her father."

A sigh of relief escaped Aunt Leth's bosom, and Mr. Beeminster stared the harder at her.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked. "Do you know what has occurred?"

"I do not understand you," she replied.

"Miss Farebrother has resided with you for—how long?"

"I cannot exactly say. Some time; since she left her father's house and came to us. But why do you question me?"

"You are not compelled to answer. It may be that you have something to conceal."

"I have nothing to conceal," said Aunt Leth, indignantly.

"Or that, Miss Farebrother having got herself into trouble, it is your wish to screen her."

"My niece has not got herself into trouble," said Aunt Leth, feeling herself in a certain sense helpless in the hands of this man. "She is not capable of doing anything wrong. I will answer any reasonable questions you may put to me."

"It may be as well. Otherwise you might be suspected of a guilty knowledge. Miss Farebrother left her father's house and came to reside with you?"

"Yes: she has been in the habit of coming and stopping with us, from time to time, since she was a child."

"But never for so long a time as this?"

"That is true. We have a deep love for her. Our home is hers."

"She ought to be grateful for it."

"She is."

"Her friends will best serve her by being open and frank."

"But what has our dear child done?" asked Aunt Leth, in an imploring tone. "What has she done?"

"You will hear presently, if you have a little patience. On this last occasion of her coming to you did she do so with her father's consent?"

"It is a family secret," replied Aunt Leth, despairingly.

"It will tell against her if you refuse to answer. I am here in the cause of justice."

"Of justice?"

"Yes, of justice. You refuse, then, to say whether she left her home in Parksides with her father's consent?"

"I do not refuse. Her father was not kind to her; he turned her from his house."

"Then when she came here they were not upon friendly terms. It is the construction which every person would place upon it. Have you any objection to say why he turned her from his house?"

"He wished to force her into a hateful marriage; she would not consent."

"Were you and her father upon friendly terms?"

"We were not."

"You harbored her, then, against his wish?"

"She had no other shelter. We have always regarded her as a child of our own. Her mother was my sister."

"I know it. Since she has been living permanently with you has Miss Farebrother heard from her father?"

"He wrote to her, but not in answer to any letter of hers."

"Did he not say in his communication that if she would obey him she could return to Parksides?"

"Yes," said Aunt Leth, amazed at the extent of Mr. Beeminster's knowledge, and in an agony of apprehension.

"Did Miss Farebrother reply to that letter?"

"No, she did not."

"I suppose that her conduct met with your approval? She would be guided by you?"

"I endeavored to guide her aright. Her father showed no love for her."

"But you may be prejudiced. Since your marriage there has been no love lost between you and Miser Farebrother?"

"I cannot deny it."

"I beg your pardon; these are matters which, perhaps, I should not go into. They will, no doubt, be investigated elsewhere. They are, however, an evidence of prejudice. Did Miss Farebrother leave your house last night?"

"She did."

"With your knowledge and consent?"

"We did not know of it until she was gone. She met our servant, and gave her a message to us that she had gone to Parksides."

"Did you send after her?"

"We did."

"Who was your messenger?"

"A young man of the name of Barley."

"Barley!" said Mr. Beeminster, turning to his companion with a look of intelligence. "Tom Barley?"

"Yes."

"There is a man of that name in the force."

"It is the same. He is a policeman."

"Ah! Did he obtain any information of her?"

"No. He could not remain long away. He had to return to his duty here in London."

"So that he came back alone?"

"Yes."

"Miss Farebrother, however, came back?"

"Yes."

"She is in the house now?"

"She is."

"I believe she is not well?"

"She is very ill, and I am anxious to go to her."

"A little patience, please, and all will be cleared up. At what hour of the night or morning did she come back?"

"At between nine and ten o'clock this morning."

"A strange hour for a young lady to come home. Had she been to Parksides?"

"I do not know to a certainty."

"She has not told you?"

"No."

"Did she see her father?"

"I cannot say."

"You do not know? She has not told you?"

"She has not."

"Then if she went to Parksides and saw her father, she is concealing the fact from you?" Aunt Leth did not reply. These cold, relentless questions, with their strange and close adherence to fact, bewildered her. "When she left this house last night she was in good health. Contradict me if such is not the case, and in anything I may say which is opposed to the truth. She was in good health at that time. She returned this morning, sick and ill. Has she worn this veil lately?" He produced it, and handed it to Aunt Leth.

"She wore it yesterday."

"She must have worn it when she went out last night. It was found in the grounds of Parksides to-day. Therefore Miss Farebrother must have been there. Do you recognize this brooch?"

He handed her the brooch he had shown to 'Melia Jane.

"It was given to my dear niece by her father's house-keeper."

"Mrs. Pamflett?"

"Yes."

"It was found in the grounds of Parksides to-day." Mr. Beeminster took his companion aside and whispered a few words to him; the man nodded and left the room. Aunt Leth heard him close the street door behind him. "When, within your knowledge, did Miss Farebrother wear this brooch last?"

"I cannot say positively; it is a long time since. I believe she did not bring it away with her from Parksides when she left her father's house to come to us."

"Can you swear to that?"

"No; but my niece will be able to tell you."

"I shall not ask her; it might be used in evidence against her."

"In evidence against her! For God's sake tell me what you are here for! Do not keep me any longer in suspense!"

"Not for a moment longer. Miser Farebrother is dead."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

"Dead!"

"Dead. Found murdered this morning in the grounds at Parksides. A cruel murder. I have brought a copy of an evening paper with me containing the information. It was just out as I came here. Would you like to read it? But you do not seem in a fit state. I will read it to you."

Mr. Beeminster unfolded the paper and read:

"Frightful Murder.—A Mysterious Case.

"This morning, at eleven o'clock, the discovery was made of a horrible murder committed on a small estate known as Parksides, on the outskirts of Beddington.

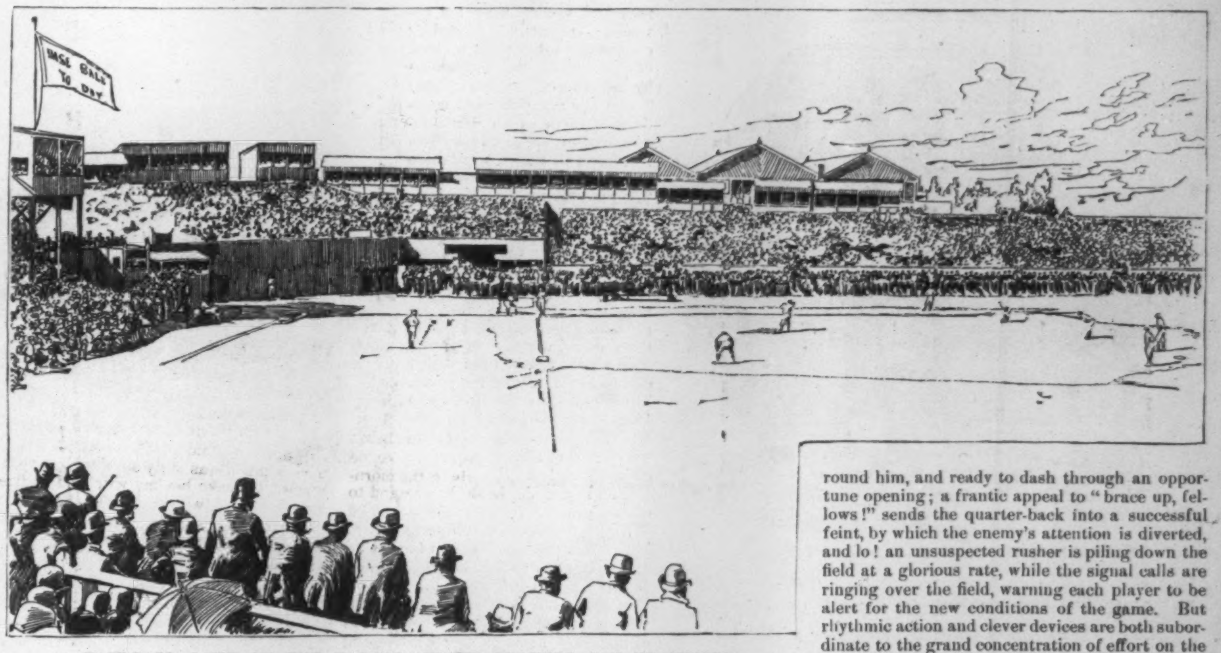
"For a number of years Parksides had been inhabited by a man who, from some cause or other, has been generally spoken of as Miser Farebrother. He was a man, it is understood, of penurious habits, and the only servant in the house was a house-keeper, Mrs. Pamflett. He had one child, a daughter, who for some time past has not resided with him, but who found a home with an aunt and uncle living in London. Mrs. Pamflett bore the reputation of being an attentive and capable servant, and of faithfully performing her duty. Like her master, however, she was not a favorite in the village. The establishment altogether was not in good repute, although the only charge that can be brought against the inmates is that they did not court society, and kept themselves from their neighbors. This remark does not apply to Miser Farebrother's daughter. She was generally liked, and has been in the habit of going frequently to London and paying long visits to her aunt and uncle. The only persons in Parksides yesterday, until the afternoon, were Miser Farebrother and Mrs. Pamflett, the house-keeper. Then the house-keeper was sent by her master to the telegraph office with a message to his manager in London, requesting him to come down to Parksides, presumably upon business. The business conducted in London was a money-lending business, and—Miser Farebrother being confined to his house by gout and rheumatism—the confidential manager here was Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, the son of the house-keeper. Before the telegram could reach him in London Mr. Pamflett was on his way to his master, having an important matter of business to discuss with him. The business settled, Mr. Pamflett left for London.

"At about ten o'clock last night a man called at Parksides to see Miser Farebrother, and being expected, was admitted to Miser Farebrother's room. For the last three or four years this man has been in the habit of paying periodical visits to Miser Farebrother: he always came at night, and always departed after the house-keeper had retired to rest. This was in accordance with her master's orders. Last night as usual she retired to her room while her master and his visitor were closeted together. Before seeking her rest, however, she paused outside the door of her master's apartment, and inquired whether she could do anything for him. He called out to her that he did not require anything further from her, and that she was to go to bed. She obeyed him, and getting into bed, was soon asleep. She describes herself as a sound sleeper, and difficult to awake until nature's demands are fully satisfied. It was strange, therefore, that she should awake in the middle of the night, with an impression that some person had entered the house. She looked at her watch; it was twenty minutes past one o'clock. Not being satisfied with a mere impression, she left her room in her night-dress and went down to the kitchen. There, to her surprise, she saw Miser Farebrother's daughter. The house-keeper does not know how she got into the house, nor for how long a time she had been there. Miss Farebrother asked her angrily why she came down without being summoned, and the house-keeper, in explanation, replied that she had been awakened by a sound of some person moving in the house, and that she naturally came down to see what it was. Still speaking in anger, Miss Farebrother said that she was mistress there, and she ordered the house-keeper back to her room. After this order there was no apparent reason why the house-keeper should remain, and she retired from the kitchen and went to bed again. As she left the kitchen she observed a large knife, with a horn handle, which she frequently used for rough work, lying on the table.

"Lying in bed the house-keeper shortly afterward heard the voices of two persons in altercation in the grounds, and she recognized the voices of her master and his daughter. It seemed to her that they were wrangling violently, but this was not an unusual occurrence when Miss Farebrother was at Parksides. Miser Farebrother was, besides, a person of eccentric habits. He was frequently in the habit of wandering through his grounds in the middle of the night. The sounds grew fainter, as though the miser and his daughter were walking away; or, as the house-keeper explains, they may have entered the house and ceased their dispute. However it was, she fell asleep again, and did not awake till morning. Going down to her work, she found everything as she had left it on the previous night, with the exception that the knife with the horn handle was missing.

"Miser Farebrother usually rang for the house-keeper at nine o'clock in the morning. On this morning, however, he did not summon her at the accustomed time. Neither to this circumstance did she attach any particular importance.

"When ten o'clock struck, however, the house-keeper felt it strange that she did not hear her master's bell. She waited another half-hour, and then she went to his room. She knocked, and received no answer. Then she opened the door, and found that the room was empty, and that there was no appearance of the bed having been slept in. Somewhat alarmed, but still not suspecting the dreadful truth, she went to her young mistress's room. That also was empty, and the bed had not been occupied.



A BASE-BALL GAME ON THE HAIGHT STREET GROUNDS, SAN FRANCISCO.

"Her alarm increased. She searched the grounds for her master and mistress. Her mistress she did not find. Her master she did. He was lying upon the ground, at some distance from the house. Bending over him, she was horrified by the discovery that he was dead—not only that he was dead, but that he had been cruelly, ruthlessly murdered! A dreadful wound was in his breast, and near him was the knife with the horn handle, clotted with blood.

"She rushed into the village, and brought assistance back—a doctor and a policeman, who were followed by two or three idlers. It needed only a slight examination on the part of the doctor to prove that a frightful murder had been committed.

"Here, for the present, the matter rests. The inquest will be held to-morrow.

"Certain discoveries have already been made which it would be premature here to refer to. The affair is in the hands of the police, who are confident they will succeed in bringing the murderer to justice."

Aunt Leth listened to the account of the murder with a feeling of unutterable horror. Quiet and observant, Mr. Beeminster carefully folded the newspaper and put it into his pocket, saying as he did so:

"The 'certain discoveries' to which the newspaper reporter says it would be premature to refer are Miss Farebrother's brooch and veil which were picked up in the grounds."

"Gracious God!" cried Aunt Leth, with a pallid face and horror-struck eyes. "You do not—you cannot suspect—"

"Best to say as little as possible," said Mr. Beeminster, rising.

"You brought a companion in with you," said Aunt Leth. "What was it you whispered to him, and why did he go away?"

Mr. Beeminster was standing near the window, which faced the street. He looked out, and Aunt Leth's eyes followed the direction of his. The man she referred to was on the opposite side of the road, strolling a few steps leisurely this way and that, but never too far to lose a clear view of the house upon which his eyes were fixed.

"Have you placed him there to watch us?" asked Aunt Leth, faintly. "And for what reason?"

"A murder has been committed," replied Mr. Beeminster. "Miss Farebrother will most likely be served with a notice to attend the inquest to-morrow."

"It will kill her! it will kill her!" cried Aunt Leth.

Mr. Beeminster, without replying, quietly left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BASE-BALL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Base-ball is now as popular on the Pacific coast as it is in New York. As many as twenty thousand persons have witnessed one game. Base-ball, in fact, is the only popular sport in California. Amateur athletics have died out to a considerable extent. The professional sprint-runners have brought themselves into disrepute by their peculiar races, boxing matches have lost their popularity, and the only pastime that is not used in the interest of the pool box, and is free from gambling influence, is base-ball.

The picture given herewith represents the Haight Street Grounds in San Francisco during the progress of a game for the championship of the California League. Eighteen thousand persons were present at this game. The grand stand differs materially in one respect from those at base-ball parks in the East. In the centre are boxes reserved for members of the press and officers of the club, but on the sides there are others reserved for numerous social clubs in San Francisco. These are handsomely furnished, and the occupants enjoy the game from upholstered reclining chairs. Among the clubs that have subscribed for boxes at the Haight Street Grounds are the Olympia, Pacific, Bohemia, and Bicycle. The members of these organizations are ardent admirers of the diamond-field sport, and have been foremost in bringing base-ball in that section of the country up to its present standard.

Last year the Louisville Club, after finishing its schedule of championship games in the East, under the management of Mr. James Hart, paid San Francisco a visit, and played exhibition games with the local clubs. The trip was very successful in a financial sense, and this season clubs from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis have gone to the Golden Gate.

The New York combination is composed of Michael Kelly, of Boston; Rodger Connor, the first base man of the New York team; Jeremiah Denny, of Indianapolis; and Keefe, Richardson, Ward, Ewing, Brown, and Tiernan, of the New Yorks. Ward, who came here to attend the League Convention at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is already on his way to rejoin the team. The New Yorks will play on the Haight Street Grounds, and will meet the local clubs. The contests, of course, will attract considerable attention, as people in San Francisco are anxious to see their representatives meet diamond-field talent from the East. The clubs from St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Chicago will play a series of games at Central Park.

THE COLLEGE GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

To the uninitiated the term "foot-ball," as a word-picture, conveys the idea of a game in which the feet and the feet only, are utilized in indiscriminate and brutal exercise. If he turns to Webster, he will read something about "an inflated ball, encased in leather, or India-rubber, and kicked about in sport." Perchance he may be so far enlightened as to know that the shape of the Rugby ball is of the "oblate spheroid" description, like an exaggerated pecan-nut. Still, as a believer in the orthodoxy of words, and with the remembrance of school-days and a big India-rubber ball in his mind, he cannot convince himself that foot-ball is anything but *foot*-ball, and he would be very much surprised indeed to be told that in the recent Harvard-Princeton match, outside of the necessary goal kicks, there was but *one actual kick* during the entire game on the part of the victors. The truth is, our friend is right, and foot-ball is wrong. For centuries it was emphatically a game for the feet, and as a half-codified arrangement for contusing the shins and bruising the body, it long shared equal honors with the delightful Cornish pastime of "purring."

The conservatism of English athletics has in a large measure preserved the game true to its antecedents, and the "scrimmage" (or "scrummage," as it is called) of the Rugby game, as played by the schools and universities of England, is still retained as a modified survival of the original. After the introduction of the game into this country, chiefly through the example of Harvard, and upon its further adoption by Princeton, Yale, Columbia, and Rutgers, at that time the leading exponents of the game, it became apparent that the pure Rugby game was "too slow and too poky" for the restless American youth, who, with characteristic inventiveness, proceeded to "doctor up" the game. The same psychological conditions which led to the substitution of base-ball for the more prosaic and formal game of cricket, demanded a brand of foot-ball which should bear the American mark and suit the American idea. Each successive foot-ball convention had held itself responsible, therefore, for the logical development of this tendency, with the result that the American college game is as different from the genuine Rugby game as billiards are from bagatelle.

The idea of the American game is "action," its principle the "division of labor." For the purpose of harmonious action leading to successful results, there are, generally speaking, two well-defined classes of workers—the "rushers" and the "backs"; the brawn and the brain of the game. To secure concerted action, the clever collegians have devised a skilful code of signals, each conveying a definite line of action, through the medium of apparently meaningless phrases. At the captain's signal "hold hard," for example, the rushers may form themselves into a Λ-shaped phalanx, in the apex of which a chosen player guards the ball free from attack, for his comrades surround him, and ready to dash through an opportune opening; a frantic appeal to "brace up, fellows!" sends the quarter-back into a successful feint, by which the enemy's attention is diverted, and lo! an unsuspected rusher is piling down the field at a glorious rate, while the signal calls are ringing over the field, warning each player to be alert for the new conditions of the game. But rhythmic action and clever devices are both subordinate to the grand concentration of effort on the part of eleven men to gain a given point, or retain an advantage already won. It is the peculiar condition of the game that, although the active progression of the ball toward the goal depends upon but one player at a time, each one of his comrades can, by offensive and defensive play, render continuous aid; so that the success of the eleven must depend entirely on its efficiency in massing its entire strength and weight, agility and skill, cleverness and device, toward the mastery of one single point to the exclusion of every other for that time. It is this marvellous "team-play," with its mechanism of force and clock-like regularity of on-sweep, this happy relation of "mind and matter," which gives foot-ball its prominence in the world of sports as a most effective union of brain and brawn.

Foot-ball is not, therefore, a barbaric relic, nor the training school of pugilism. It is a noble college sport, calling out every faculty of mind and body—a clear judgment, quick apprehensiveness, a cool determination; it develops strong legs and strong arms, and it gives the lungs a chance in this cigarette and rice-paper era; above all, it places a premium on manliness, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, courage, and loyalty. If it has degenerated, it is through the impulsiveness and ardor of the college partisan. Under the new playing rules the umpire has become a policeman, and it is encouraging to notice the celerity with which he detects the crime, and his alacrity to punish the criminal by dismissing him from the field.

The Foot-ball League is composed of teams representing Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Wesleyan, and Yale, and he would be one of "the seven wise men of Gotham" who could point out the eleven which will inscribe "Champions of 1887" on its banner.

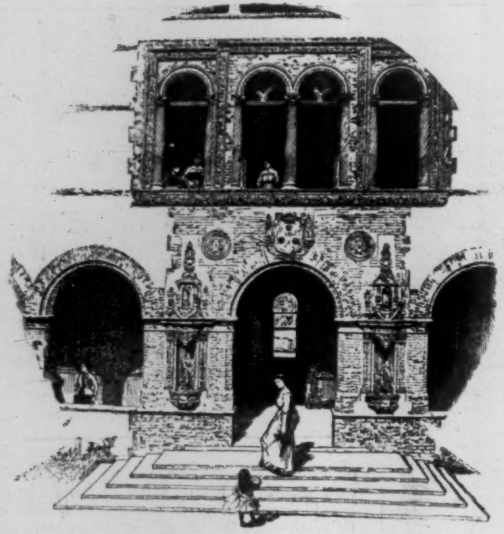
Frederick Evans, Jun.

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

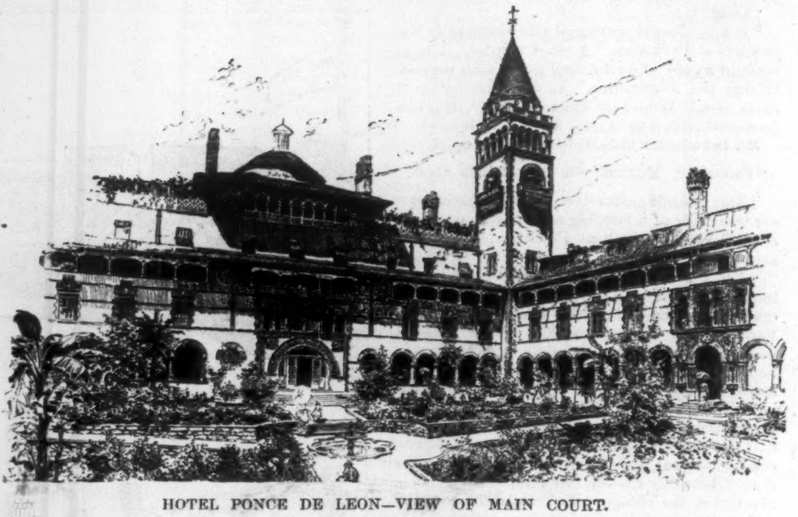
While perhaps it is true that every man in the world has cause for thanks, it is overwhelmingly certain that some have more to be thankful for than others. Still, circumstances have a great influence upon the value of things, and one man turns up his nose at what another would hail with joy. Undoubtedly the instinct of gratitude is born in us, and struggles to evince itself even in circumstances which would not ordinarily be considered as affording much provocation. What one should be most thankful for is something that the world will never agree upon. Different minds, different wants. And yet at Thanksgiving time it does seem as though about the most suitable thing which could befall a man were a turkey.

In Mr. Gilbert Gaul's picture on the double page of the Supplement, the circumstances and conditions are very plainly expressed. This little camp turned in on the night before Thanksgiving with exceedingly modest hopes concerning the manner of its celebration of the national feast. It is safe to say that if on the horizon of their expectation there was any turkey at all, it was a very shadowy bird, unlikely to be of much consequence at dinner-time. Turkeys and chickens do occasionally fall to the lot of the army, it is true. Sometimes they are presented to it, and at other times the army comes into the possession of them by ingenious means well known to itself. Still, there never were in a country given over to war enough barn-yard fowl to satisfy all the soldiers concerned, and particularly at the season of Thanksgiving, when the mind of every American is fixed upon the same sort of dinner, the chances of turkey for the warrior in the field are very small indeed.

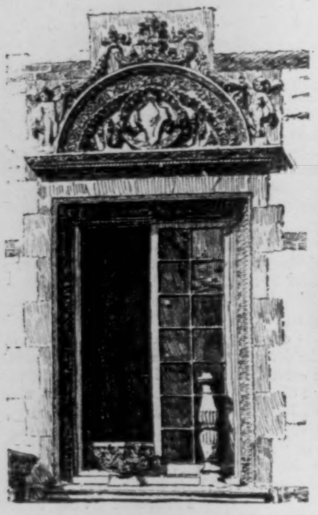
The foreground of Mr. Gaul's picture is cold and forlorn. There is melancholy in the ashes of the fire, and in the gaunt saddle which is not fit to be cooked. In all the expanse of the foreground there is not a single object calculated to excite the sentiment of gratitude in the human breast on Thanksgiving morning. But over the hills the sun is coming; the background is illuminated with a splendid vision. Perhaps to the unimaginative overfed of cities and towns there is no particular eloquence in the onstriding trooper and the poultry which he shakes aloft. But the camp will understand him. They know when it is proper to be thankful for turkey, and in their case this is pre-eminently the time.



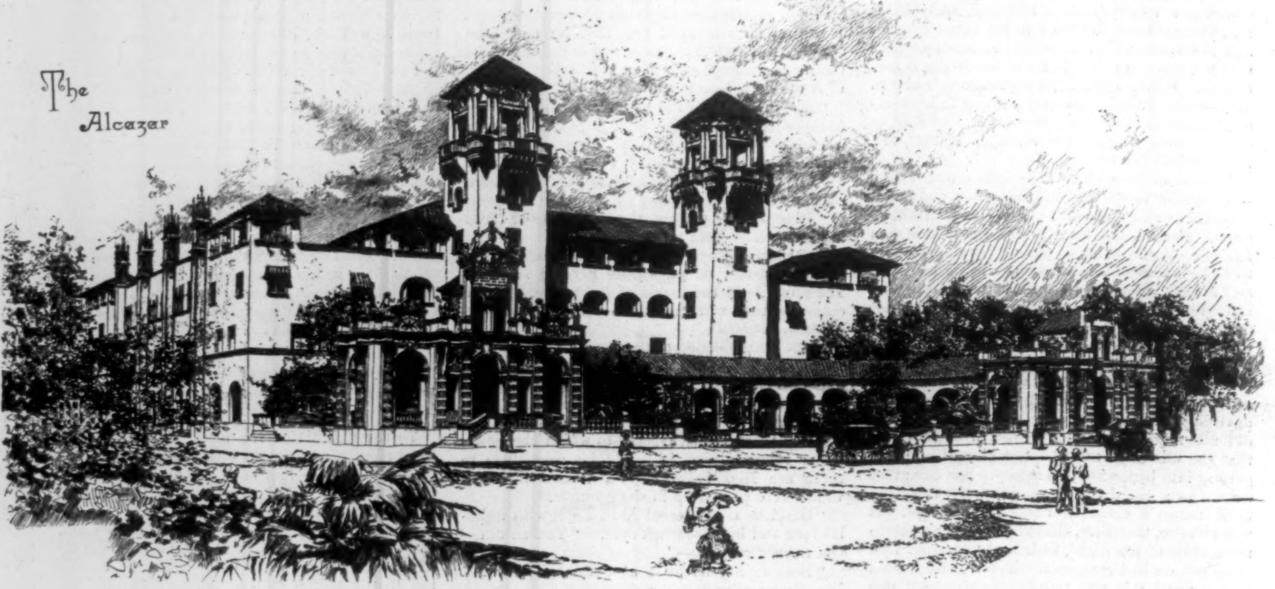
HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—LADIES' ENTRANCE.



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—VIEW OF MAIN COURT.



A WINDOW OF THE PONCE DE LEON.



HOTEL ALCAZAR.

THE THREE NEW HOTELS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

PONCE DE LEON—ALCAZAR—CASA MONICA.

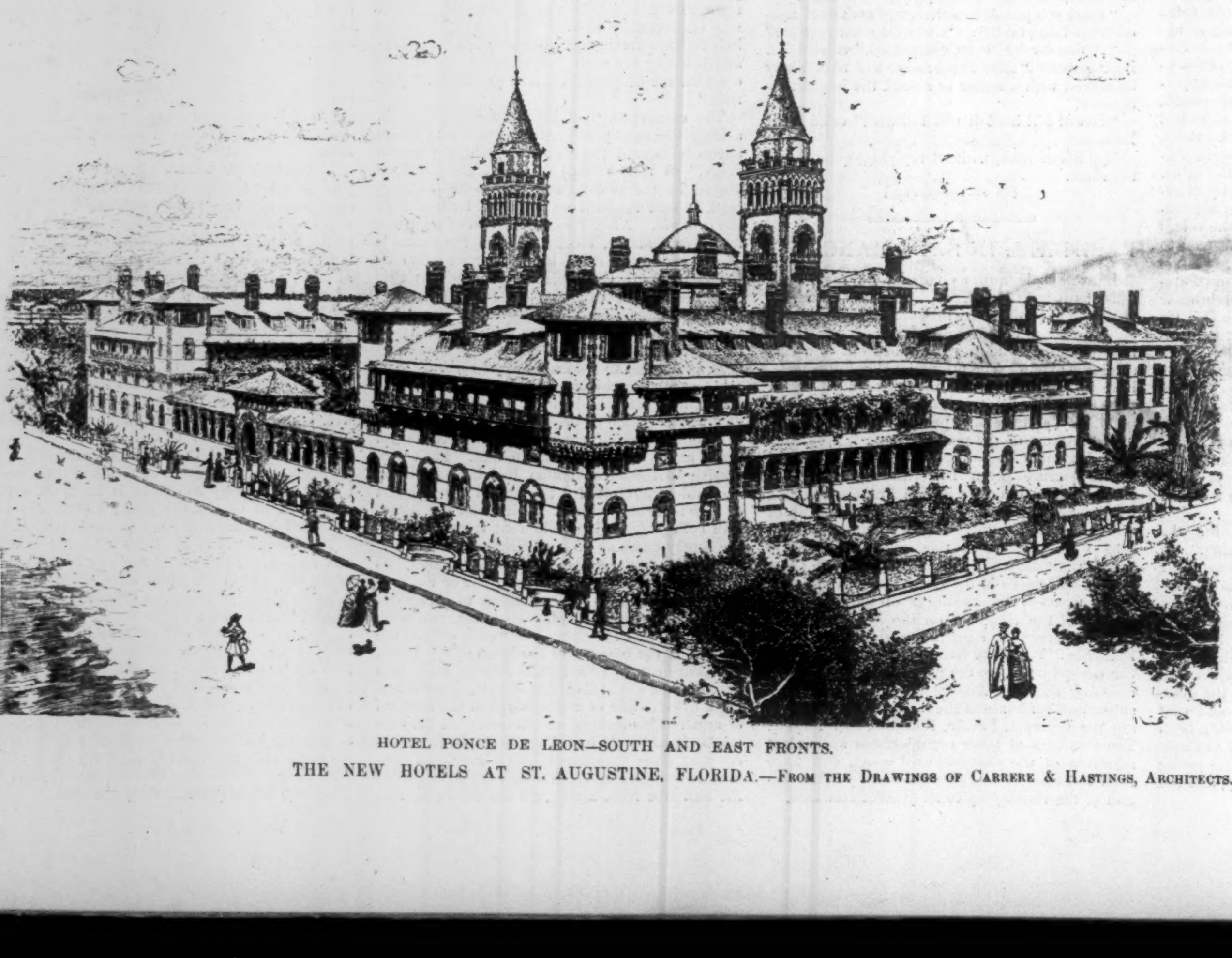
Have we here remembrances of Seville, of Granada, of the Alhambra? Are there orange groves outside of Spain where the ground is a carpet of white fragrant blossoms? Can we find pleasant skies forgetful of southern France, Italy, or Egypt? Must we seek far-distant Madeira, flying from our ice, snow, slush, and arctic rigors? If forty years ago it took weeks to leave frigid Spitzbergen and reach the glowing Hesperides, to-day it is only a journey of some hours. Brillat Savarin tells of a Frenchman with a predilection for green pease and strawberries; he would have them all the year round, and he travelled through Europe by easy stages after them, and kept up with them, too. All this resolves itself into the well-known commercial axiom that the price of anything is simply the cost of its transportation. In our utilitarian age, have you the means, you can literally buy the exact climate you want. If only men and women were not artificial creations depending on their surroundings, how easy would become migrations in search of sunnier days! There are many favored spots on this earth which would invite tired people and those broken down in health, were there not discomforts attending them. The Florida of twenty-five years ago had all the natural advantages of a health resort, but only these. It has taken time to develop the hotel system of this our American Italy, and now this system is fast approaching perfection. That old town of St. Augustine blooms to-day as if it had been bodily dipped in the fountain of youth. Think of a dead town which in 1858 had a total of inhabitants less than the number of guests who now find lodgement in one of its hotels!

The Ponce de Leon is one of the great American hotels. With good judgment architects have taken the coquina from the shell deposits on Anastasia Island, and mixing the shells with cement, so built their ambitious edifices. It may not be exact to use the term "built," for the walls are cast. You pour your mixture of cement and shell into the mould, and then you have something which defies time. It is the most artistic of materials, having a pearly lustre, and giving in the shade superb effects. The style adopted is Spanish Renaissance, which retains the sentiment of the original Moorish. There are broad porticoes, loggias, with domes and corner towers somewhat like the campaniles. Tiles made after Spanish models, with terra-cotta, add warmth of tone to the structure. The portico gives entrance to a court 150 feet square, and here the opportunity is presented to make a display of the splendors of this tropical clime. Palms, vines, roses, all the trailing plants of Florida, are to be found here. Before the main entrance there is a broad flight of steps, and when you are inside, the dome of the rotunda is above you. The dining-room is large and spacious, and has a balcony for an orchestra. There are *portes cochères* and underground passages, and the electric light is used The Ponce de Leon has attached to it orange groves, and on its grounds are magnolias and pomegranates. Fancy an area like one of New York's city squares all scarlet and white with a tangle of blooming flowers!

But is this not enough? There is more, however, and that is the Alcazar. The Alcazar is a separate building, equally handsome in its construction, but not of as great size. It is to be considered as a dependence, an annex, to the Ponce de Leon. The greater house might be crowded, and this overflow of guests the Alcazar will welcome. There is a crescent arcade of shops on the plaza between the Alcazar and the Ponce de Leon, and in the Alcazar a square court where a second Palais Royal is to tempt the guests. The Alcazar has its own special towers, pavilions, minarets, and arcades. Here are Russian and Turkish baths, a restaurant, and rooms to lodge three hundred guests.

Can there be more still? Is St. Augustine never to be satisfied? Early in 1888, in time for guests who leave the Northern States in January, the Casa Monica will be ready. In building this the third hotel the architects have been more sober in their effects. It has taken up in its arms all the old Spanish landmarks around it, and has their characteristics. For portal the Casa Monica has copied the Puerto del Sol of Toledo. One façade alone has a frontage of 450 feet. There are balconies in the windows—those "kneeling balconies" of old Seville. Here are all those interior details which add to the comfort of the guests. What did the greatest of those old architects know about a ladies' parlor, a "Sala del Sol," or of cozy alcoves fitted for nice talks, or elevators, or any of those appliances necessary for fastidious guests? A section of 100 feet range is completed. The Casa Monica, together with Villa Zorayda, on the other side of the Alcazar, form a group of buildings unequalled in any country as an architectural illustration of style foreign to itself. Going up the Alameda from the plaza you pass first Casa Monica on your left; crossing Tolomato Street, you have on your right the Ponce de Leon, with the Alcazar opposite, and Villa Zorayda just beyond it.

It was but yesterday that in order to seek the most charming of retreats the whole of our continent had to be crossed, the objective point being the Pacific Ocean. To-day, perpetual summer can be had in a twinkling. You leave Boston or New York on a Monday morning, and by Wednesday you can gaze at the Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Casa Monica, and believe in Aladdin's palaces.



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON—SOUTH AND EAST FRONTS.

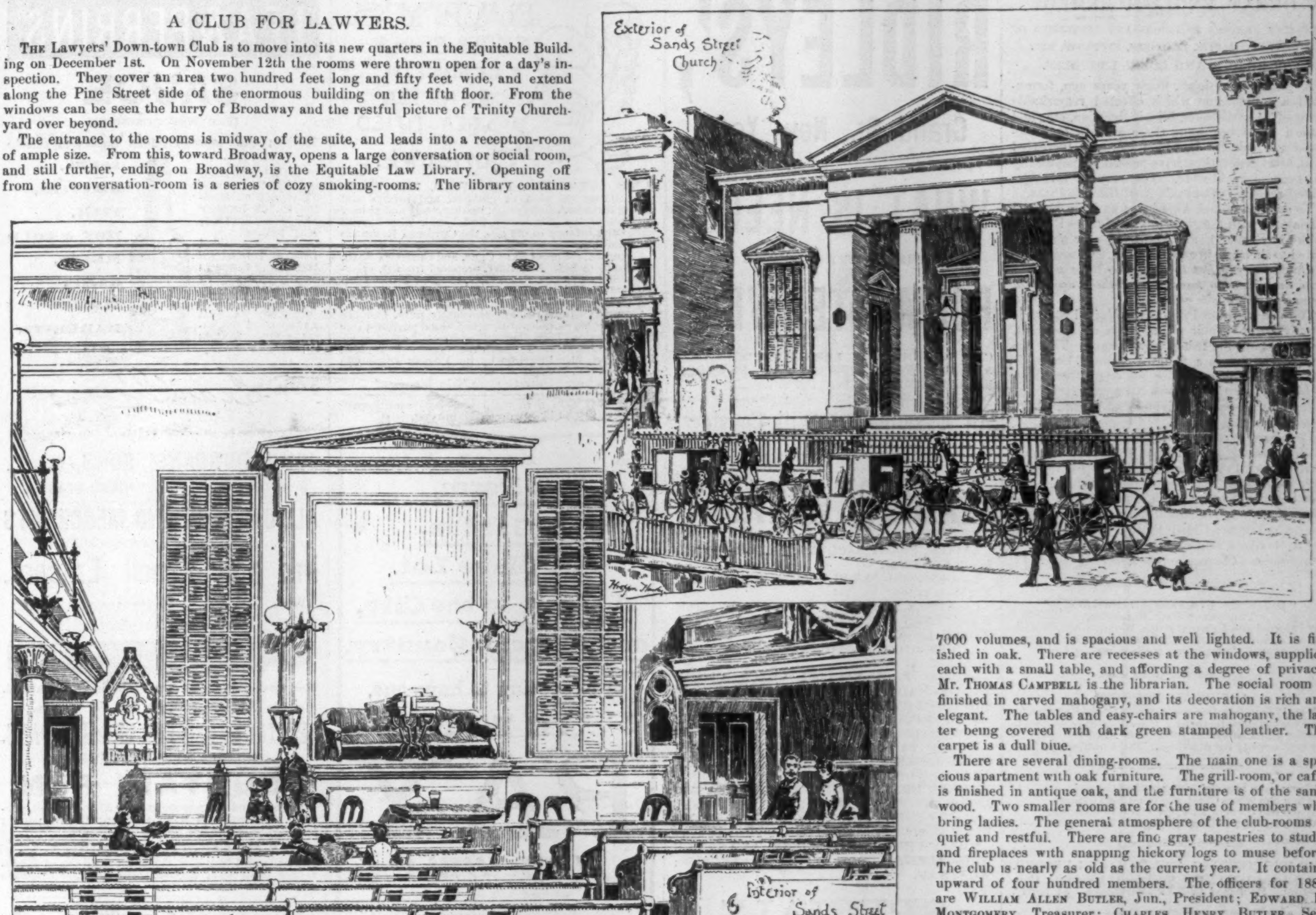
THE NEW HOTELS AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.—From the Drawings of Carrere & Hastings, Architects.

A CLUB FOR LAWYERS.

The Lawyers' Down-town Club is to move into its new quarters in the Equitable Building on December 1st. On November 12th the rooms were thrown open for a day's inspection. They cover an area two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, and extend along the Pine Street side of the enormous building on the fifth floor. From the windows can be seen the hurry of Broadway and the restful picture of Trinity Churchyard over beyond.

The entrance to the rooms is midway of the suite, and leads into a reception-room of ample size. From this, toward Broadway, opens a large conversation or social room, and still further, ending on Broadway, is the Equitable Law Library. Opening off from the conversation-room is a series of cozy smoking-rooms. The library contains 7000 volumes, and is spacious and well lighted. It is finished in oak. There are recesses at the windows, supplied each with a small table, and affording a degree of privacy. Mr. **Thomas Campbell** is the librarian. The social room is finished in carved mahogany, and its decoration is rich and elegant. The tables and easy-chairs are mahogany, the latter being covered with dark green stamped leather. The carpet is a dull blue.

There are several dining-rooms. The main one is a spacious apartment with oak furniture. The grill-room, or café, is finished in antique oak, and the furniture is of the same wood. Two smaller rooms are for the use of members who bring ladies. The general atmosphere of the club-rooms is quiet and restful. There are fine gray tapestries to study, and fireplaces with snapping hickory logs to muse before. The club is nearly as old as the current year. It contains upward of four hundred members. The officers for 1887 are **William Allen Butler, Jun.**, President; **Edward L. Montgomery**, Treasurer; **Charles Henry Butler**, Secretary; **James W. Alexander**, **William A. Duer**, **William D. Guthrie**, **John J. McCook**, and **James McKeen**, Directors.


Exterior of Sands Street Church
Hughson Hawley
Hughson Hawley
Interior of Sands Street Church.

THE CRADLE OF BROOKLYN METHODISM.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 855.]

THE LAWYERS' DOWN-TOWN CLUB IN THE EQUITABLE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

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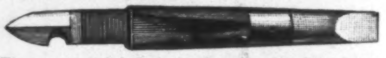

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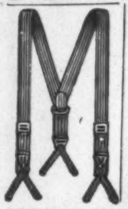

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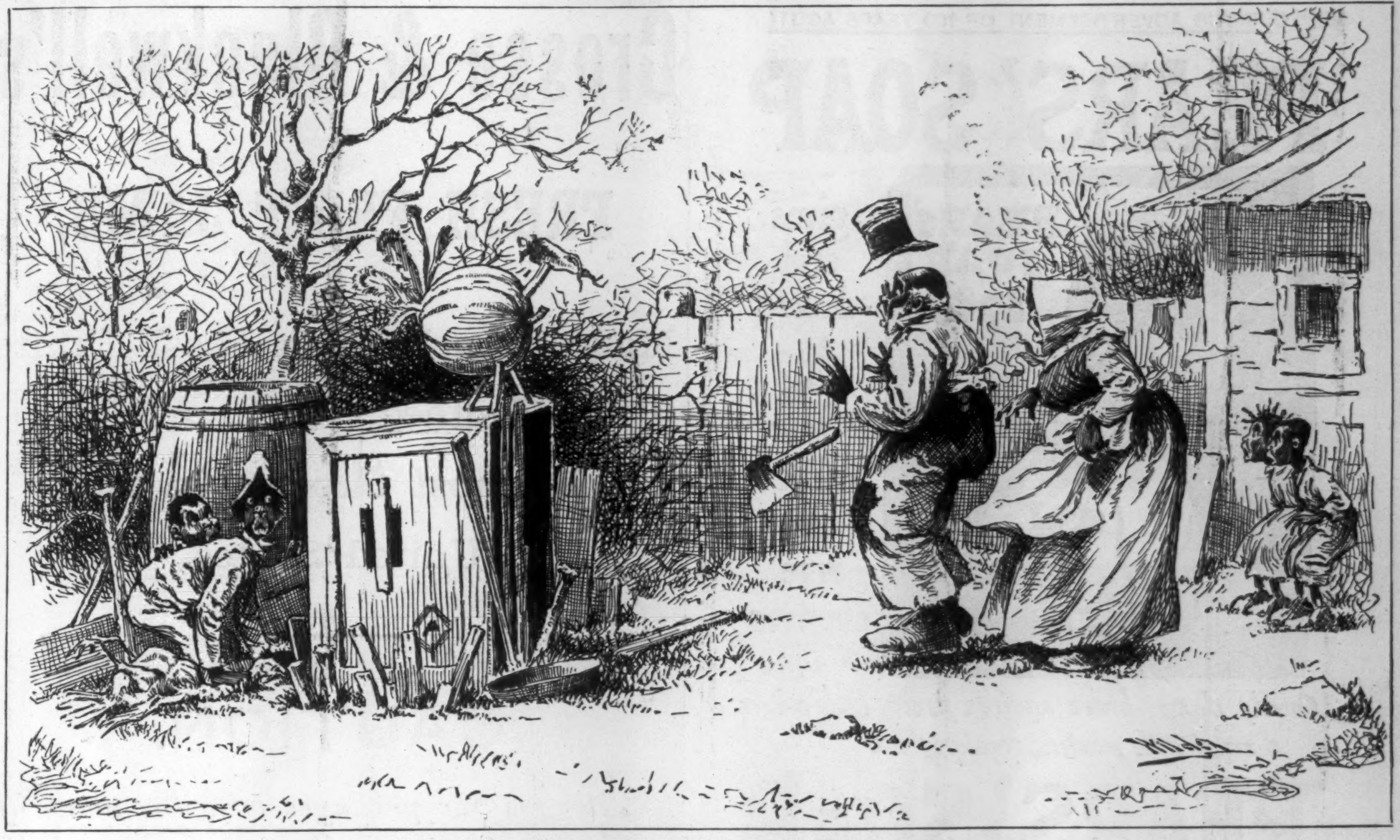

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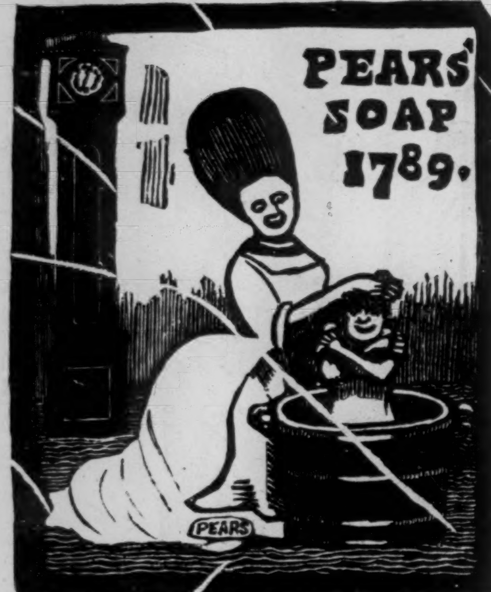

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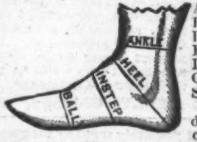

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Instep.............. "
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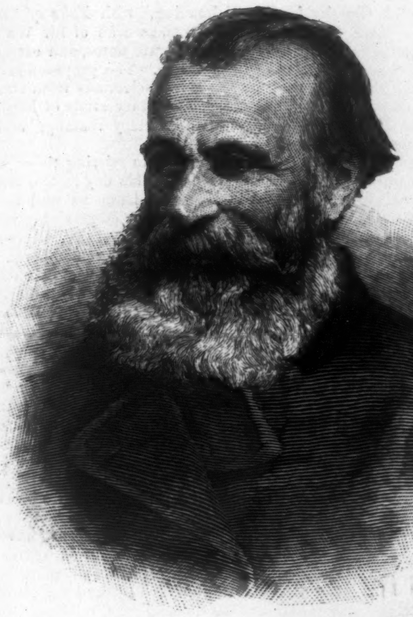

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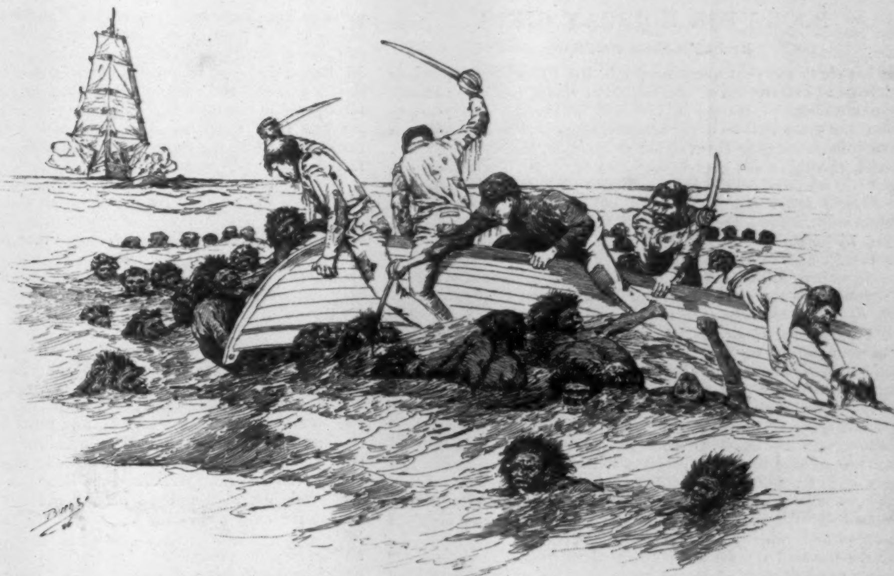

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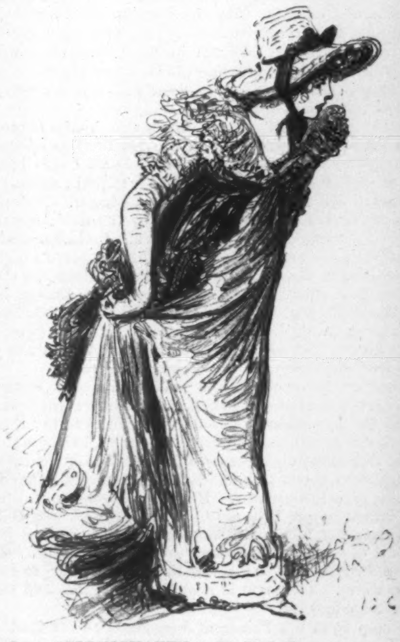

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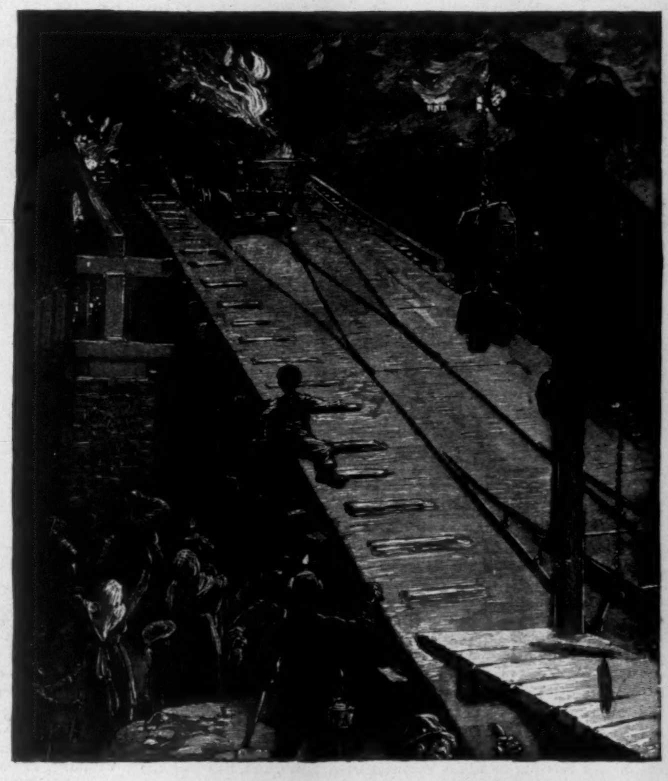

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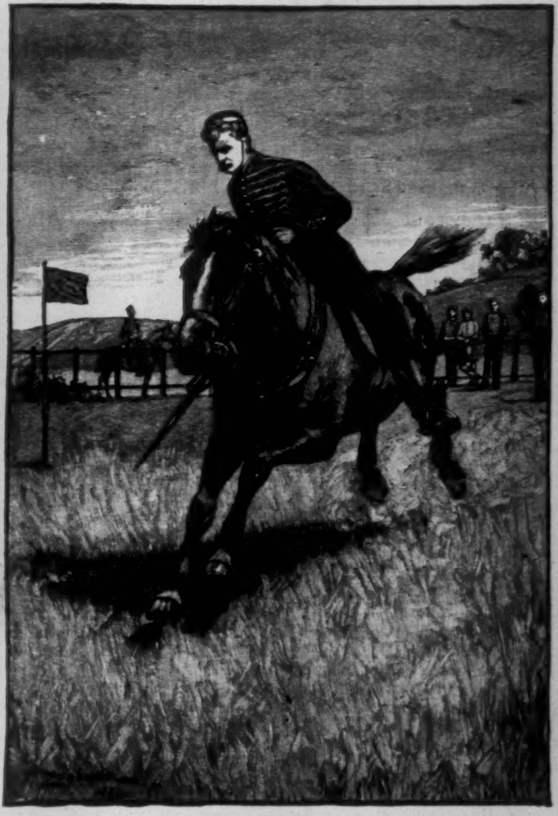

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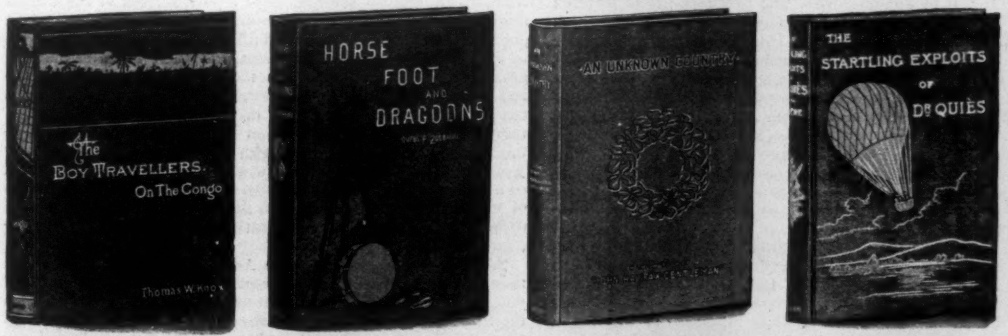
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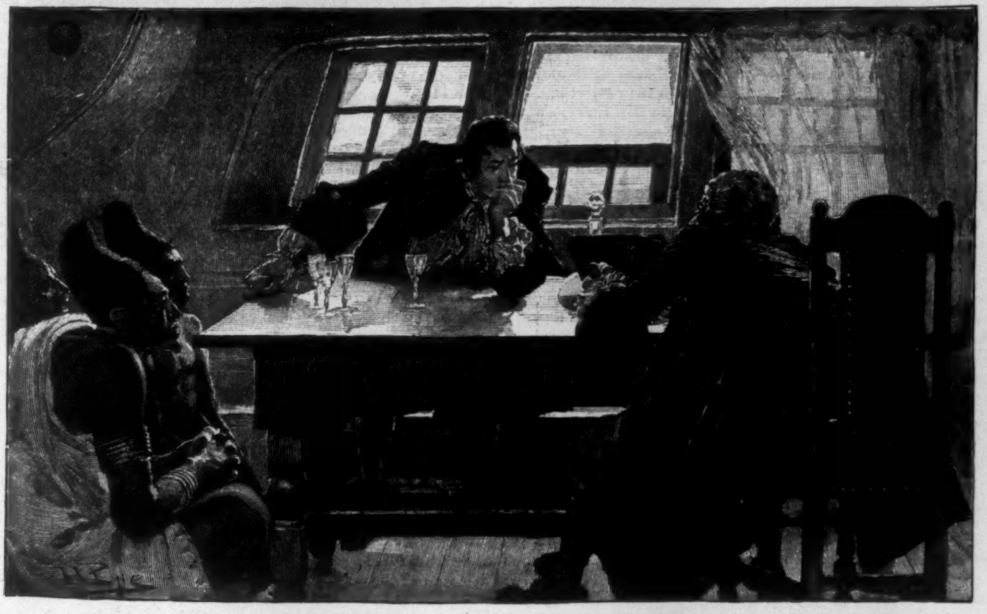
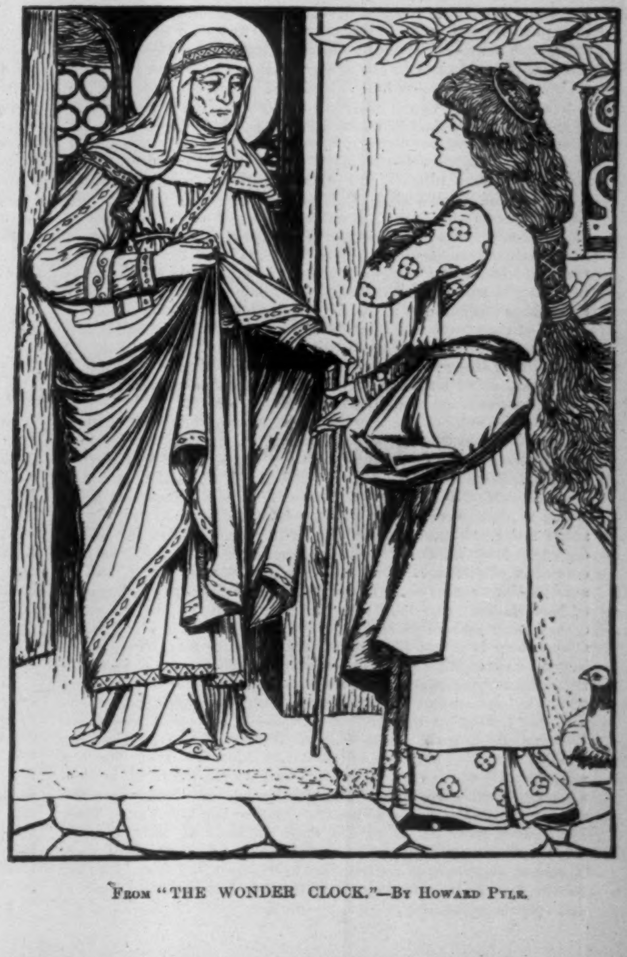
HORSE FOOT AND DRAGOONS
AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY
THE STARTLING EXPLOITS OF Dr. QUIÈS



From "THE ROSE OF PARADISE."—By Howard Pyle.



From "THE WONDER CLOCK."—By Howard Pyle.

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

By LAURENCE HUTTON.

It is safe to say that every reader in the United States, serious or frivolous, omnivorous or special, old or young, has found among the publications of Harper & Brothers during the past year, as during the years that have preceded it, many of The Books Which Have Influenced Him Most, either in religion, history, biography, science, travel, fiction, poetry, music, or art. Dr. Taylor has pictured the worthies of *The Scottish Pulpit from the Reformation to the Present Day;* Mr. A. F. Heard has written of *The Russian Church and Russian Dissent;* Mr. B. C. Skottowe has prepared *A Short History of Parliament* (of Great Britain), and M. Charnay has rebuilt and repeopled *The Ancient Cities of the New World.* The *Memoir of Charles Reade*, the *Random Recollections* of Henry B. Stanton, the various episodes in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*, the stirring records of Captain Samuels's experience *From the Forecastle to the Cabin*, and the lives of *Keats* and *Sidney*, in "The English Men of Letters" series, have been added, since the beginning of 1887, to the long list of Harpers' biographical works. In science and education there are Professor Dewey's *Psychology*, Professor Newcomb's *Astronomy*, Professor Davis's *Theory of Thought*, Professor Adams Hill's *Principles of Rhetoric*, and Professor Orton's *Comparative Zoology.* Colonel Knox has carried his *Boy Travellers* to Stanley's *Congo;* Mr. Lee Meriwether, on *A Tramp Trip*, has seen the most of Europe at an expense of fifty cents a day; Mr. Bishop has visited *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces;* and Mr. W. J. Rolfe has prepared a compact edition of Browning's *Blot in the 'Scutcheon, and other Dramas.* Mr. Howells has told the stories of the *Modern Italian Poets*, and has given a taste of their verse and their quality; while Alfred Lord Tennyson himself has gone back, at the end of sixty years, to moon and moralize over *Locksley Hall.* The best of American wood-engravers have gathered in one rich volume specimens of their work, and Mr. William M. Laffan in the letter-press has shown their various methods and the results thereof; Mr. J. P. McCaskey in his *Song Collection* has furnished a hymn or a ballad for every day in the year; while the Father of the English Novel—who must naturally be the grandpapa of the American romance—if he could step from his own famous old publishing house in Salisbury Square into Mr. Osgood's office in Fleet Street, just round the corner, would gaze in special wonder at the list of the enormous brood of his offspring hatched in a single year in that great transatlantic incubator in Franklin Square, New York.

The *She* who got her deserts in 1887 has not many family traits in common with the "Pamela" whose Virtue was Rewarded in 1741, but *She* nevertheless is "Pamela's" great-granddaughter many times removed, and she has inherited one thing at least from the dam of her race, namely, marvellous and instantaneous success. We read that "Pamela" was praised in the coffee-rooms, eulogized in the clubs, quoted in the parlors, and even recommended from the pulpits; all of which *She* has accomplished, except perhaps the last. Five novels of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's, some of them older and some of them younger, have shared in *She's* popularity during this last year—*Jess, Dawn, The Witch's Head, King Solomon's Mines*, and its sequel, *Allan Quatermain;* and the number of copies of each of them which have been sold in the twelvemonth would certainly astonish Samuel Richardson more than anything else.

Among the other novels of 1887, taken up at random, is *The Rose of Paradise*, by Mr. Howard Pyle, a story of piratical adventure in the early part of the last century, told by the hero in the first person, in quaint last-century English, and illustrated by Mr. Pyle himself. *Springhaven*, by the author of *Lorna Doone*, covers about the same period of time, introduces Bonaparte and Admiral Nelson, and has all of the charms of Mr. Blackmore's earlier novels. Mr. Hardy's *Woodlanders* jocund drive their teams afield, and keep the noiseless tenor of their ways in the cool sequestered vales he loves to paint. Mr. Black's *Sabina Zembra* is a London girl of the present day, who is honest and hearty and fresh enough to have come from the land of Thule, although she has not much in common with her sisters from Kilmeny or Killena except their common ancestry, and that little touch of nature which all of Mr. Black's young women possess; *Captain MacDonald's Daughter* is a Scottish lassie who inherits nothing from Captain MacDonald except what is bad, and who in a Highland manse and in a Florida swamp finds it no easy matter to cut off her entail and to squander her patrimony. *Narka, the Nihilist*, on the other hand, is a noble Russian woman to whom are given personal beauty, physical strength, mental equilibrium, a hatred of tyranny, and a wonderful capacity for pure, unselfish love and devotion; and her story will be read with pleasure and profit not only by those who read the story for the story's sake, but by those who are interested in Russian political and domestic life in the present day, as attention has been called to it by reformers like Tolstoï, and by awful events like the murder of the late Czar. *Baldine, and Other Tales* is a collection of short stories by Karl Erdmann Edler, a Bohemian writer—Bohemian by reason of his birth in Bohemia—whom the present Earl of Lytton has discovered and introduced to English readers, translating the volume himself, and prefacing it by a strong and admiring sketch of Edler's life. *Baldine*, who gives her name to the volume, is as pathetic and as lovable in her way as the creations of Dickens, and quite unlike any of the wonder-children who figure in English or American books. Miss Blanche Willis Howard's *Tony, the Maid* is another unique character in fiction; she is a Swiss peasant girl who goes about doing good and reforming the society into which she is thrown, from couriers and hotel-keepers on the Lakes of Constance and Lucerne down to the British milords and American millionaires who are their natural prey. In studying the entertaining history of *Tony* her admirers can have but one regret—that she could not have been brought into personal contact, and consequent conflict, with Miss Susan Nipper herself.

These are some of the current novels of other lands, all of them excellent in their way, but no more interesting perhaps to American readers than the stories of our every-day life as told by Mrs. Burton Harrison, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Mr. R. M. Johnston, and Mr. Howells. Mrs. Harrison's *Bar Harbor Days* is a midsummer book which is pleasant reading even at Christmas-time; it is full of sunshine and good-nature, gracefully written, and true to the life it depicts. Miss Wilkins's *Humble Romance, and Other Stories* is a collection of portraits of homely folk in homespun dress, and in surroundings entirely unadorned. They are absolute photographs of New England people in New England villages, where the snow comes early and stays late, where the chief crop is often rocks, where there is plenty of hard work and harder fare, where there is good-humor and dry humor, where the school-master is sometimes abroad, but where the school-marm is always at home, and where is ever emphasized that Yankee spirit which expresses itself in "I want to know!" *Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk*, with whom Colonel Johnston has peopled his "Dukesborough," are very different folk indeed. They live in a sunny South which sees little snow and no ice, where all is richness and abundance, and comfortable lazy warmth, and where one man is not *quite* as good as another, despite the late war. Their local idiom, their habits of life, their methods of thought, even their personal appearance, are as far asunder from those of their Northern neighbors as are the ideas and institutions for which they fought during those four cruel years; but they are one people in self-respecting honesty, simple shrewdness, droll originality of expression, and downright earnestness of purpose. The *Humble Romance* of New Hampshire and the story of *Mr. Absalom Billingslea* of Georgia should be bound in one volume, or at least sold in sets. Mr. Howells's young Harvard graduate, full of *April Hopes*, who did such a graceful and such a manly thing in presenting to his own father, and in the eyes of all his little world, the last tuft of flowers plucked from the Class Day Tree, has been a familiar and a favorite figure in the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE ever since that famous Class Day some twelve months ago. Now that the story of the fulfilment of his hopes and fears is printed in book form, his friends will renew their acquaintance with him, and read again in the light of that better understanding of his character, and with fresh enjoyment, how his spring of love resembleth the uncertain glory of an April day. He is a young man from whom all young men will learn something, and the young women with whom he is connected by the ties of blood or marriage are a proper study for their own sex.

The most important biographies of the year on the Harper List are the sketches of *Keats* and *Sidney*, in "The English Men of Letters" series, and the *Memoir of Charles Reade, Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.* The author of "The Cloister and the Hearth" was one of the strongest, most vivid, and most interesting figures in modern English literature, and an authoritative history of his life and his life-work cannot fail to commend itself to the whole English-speaking world. Mr. Charles L. Reade and the Rev'd Compton Reade, his kinsman and his literary executor, offer this book to the public as a compilation. It contains not only manuscripts hitherto unpublished, but fragments of his private correspondence, and numerous extracts from his diaries. These have been selected with great care and discrimination from a voluminous mass of literary and personal remains, and in strict conformity with what are believed to have been the wishes and intentions of Reade himself. The narrative portions of the volume, except those which are the work of Charles Reade's own pen, have been written by the Rev'd Compton Reade, his nephew, who has expressed himself from the stand-point of a close literary association, and an affectionate family relationship, and with a sufficient fulness to form a proper frame for the autobiographic matter which is, of course, the more important and valuable. The whole work is sympathetic and appreciative, and bound as it is uniformly with the familiar "Household Edition" of Reade's novels, it should find its way into every household where Charles Reade is read and preserved.

Mr. John Morley inaugurated his admirable series of "English Men of Letters" in 1878 with a life of Samuel Johnson, and brings it down to the beginning of the year 1888 with a life of John Keats. Chronologically it covers the giants of English verse and prose from Chaucer, born in 1328, to Dickens, who died in 1870; and it numbers among its contributors such English Men of Letters as David Masson, Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Professor Huxley, William Black, Anthony Trollope, Henry James, Goldwin Smith, James Anthony Froude, and John Morley himself. Mr. John Addington Symonds completed his sketch of *Sir Philip Sidney* in the first months of the present year. He is an accomplished scholar and poet, who has written for the same series the life of *Shelley*, and is the author of the *Studies of the Greek Poets*, and of the *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*—the latter being essays on Italian Art and Italian Literature—which have been so highly praised both here and in his own country. In his *Sidney* he has followed all of the contemporary and later records of his subject's romantic career, and he has presented, in a most thorough and concise way, all of the ascertained facts of a too brief life, besides recording his own valuable and exhaustive estimate of his subject's character and literary works. It is the most complete and succinct life of Sidney that has yet appeared.

John Keats and Sidney have had at least in common the tragedy of an unfinished life, and the charm of an exceedingly attractive personality; and the difference in the quality of their work is not greater that the distance of time which separated them. Mr. Sidney Colvin's *Keats* contains not only much that is entirely new concerning the poet and his family and his interesting group of friends, but it corrects in more than one important point the generally accepted belief as to the dates and order of composition of many of his poems. The author, besides drawing upon all of the biographical matter relating to Keats that has been published, has had the great advantage of free access to the manuscript papers and correspondence left by Joseph Severn, and to a quantity of material gathered by Lord Houghton, both before and after the publication of his "Life," and unused by him. It is perhaps too much to say that this is the most important contribution to the entire Series, but in the estimation of competent judges it stands very high in a collection of biographies which are all very good; and Mr. Theodore Watts, in a late number of the London *Athenæum*, in which he bestows warm praise upon this volume, says that Lord Houghton, some little time before his death, expressed a wish that a critical monograph of Keats, based upon all the information gathered since the publication of his own life of Keats, might be prepared by a writer as well qualified for the task as he—Lord Houghton—believed Mr. Colvin to be.

The *Modern Italian Poets* of Mr. Howells is a critical rather than a biographical work, although it contains engraved portraits and personal sketches of the versifiers of Italy during the last hundred years, as well as essays upon their verse, and specimens of their versification translated by Mr. Howells himself. It was begun twenty years ago, when Mr Howells was living in the land of poetry, and it was continued and completed in this land of hard prosaic common-sense. The men of whom it treats are figures as familiar in their own literature as is Keats in ours, but nevertheless men of whom the average American reader had heard little and known less until Mr. Howells brought them within his easy reach. The volume is tastefully bound, and is written in Mr. Howells's characteristically delightful vein.

Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope is the oldest son of the Mrs. Frances Trollope whose "Domestic Manners of the Americans" awoke such a storm of sensitive fury in this country when it was published over half a century ago, and the elder brother of Anthony Trollope, the novelist. He has spent the greater part of a busy life in Italy, where he has been brought into contact with the leading native spirits, and with all the distinguished and interesting English and American visitors. He was intimate with the Brownings, Dickens, Landor, George Eliot, and Lewes, and his memoir, happily entitled *What I Remember*, is full of delightful gossip and good-natured personal criticism. He himself will be remembered as the author of "Durnton Abbey," "Lindisfarn Chase," "A Siren," etc., but chiefly as his brother's brother and his mother's son. His autobiography is one of the most entertaining books of the season.

In *The Minor Poems of John Milton*, the latest addition to his series of English Classics, Mr. William J. Rolfe gives a short but complete biography of the Blind Poet, and a valuable history of those of his productions with which the general reader is only familiar by name, if at all. The volume includes "The Mask of Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," the Sonnets, and all of his minor poems, except the translation of portions of Horace and of certain of the Psalms of David. The notes are very voluminous, and the result of much labor and research. All obscure or involved passages are made clear, obsolete or obsolescent words and phrases are explained, and the work is done in that scholarly manner which distinguishes every work to which Mr. Rolfe puts his name.

The same gentleman inaugurates a new series of books, to be called "English Classics for School Reading," with *Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time*, selected from the works of Sir Walter Scott. It contains a life of the poet, elaborate notes, and extracts from his prose writings most happily chosen. The proposed series is a most important one, including as it will selections from standard prose and poetry suited either for elementary study of English literature or for what is called "supplementary reading," and it opens in a most promising and effective way.

Henry B. Stanton was a man who lived in stirring times, and who played an active part in the history of his day in this country. He saw much of the world in other lands as well as in his own, and his *Random Recollections* are very entertaining reading now. He went to school to George D. Prentice, afterward poet and editor; he saw Lafayette in 1825; he remembered De Witt Clinton as "one of the most magnificent men who ever stood on the soil of New York"; he knew Thurlow Weed when the President-maker had not a shilling to give his boy for bread; he stood on the banks of the Genesee River when Sam Patch jumped over the falls, never to come up alive; cheered by the personal support of John G. Whittier, he went about making abolition speeches in 1836, and was mobbed for his pains; he married Miss Elizabeth Cady in 1840; he was on the floor of the House of Representatives in 1848 when John Quincy Adams fell from his seat a dying man; and he died himself, in the early part of the present year, almost in the act of correcting the proofs of this book, having lived long enough to see John Brown's body carried through Dixie in triumph, and the slavery against which he had protested all his life abolished forever.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine*, and *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*, are books of travel as well as of autobiography. During a residence of more than three years in the Holy Land he thoroughly explored the country, made a careful examination into the domestic and religious life of the people, visited and studied all the spots associated with the events of Biblical history, and in his *Haifa*—the name of the little town at the foot of Mount Carmel which he made his home—he sets down the results of his observations in a very delightful way. His *Episodes in a Life of Adventure* is the narration of what befel him in many parts of the earth. He describes an ascent of Adam's Peak in Ceylon; an adventure in Greece; his first experiences in diplomacy; what he saw in Calcutta during the mutiny; his impressions of political and Indian affairs in Canada; and his recollections of the war in Schleswig-Holstein—and all with the ready pen of a keen and impartial observer.

If the episodes in the life of Captain Samuels were by the nature of his calling a little more confined, they are not the less adventurous or exciting, and his *From the Forecastle to the Cabin* has, as Bishop Potter says, "not a dull line in it." Captain Samuels has something to tell combined with the gift of telling it. He ran away to sea before he entered his teens, and by the time he was well out of them he commanded a ship of his own. He had smooth weather and rough on his voyage of life, though more often rough than smooth; he fought tempests, he suppressed mutinies, he encountered pirates, he carried "two days' later news" to Europe in the *Dreadnought* sailing packet when the Cunard and the Collins steamers were racing among themselves, he won the ocean sweepstakes of 1866 with the *Henrietta* of Mr. Bennett, and he did many other things concerning which the world delights to read.

The *Margravine of Baireuth* was the guide, philosopher, sister, and friend of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and an important figure in the history of German letters and domestic politics in her own day. She was the intimate correspondent of Voltaire, to whom she wrote freely and frequently until the day of her death, and her little court at Baireuth was a centre of intellectual development unparalleled at that time, even in Germany. Her records of her own life, translated and edited by the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who is a daughter of the British Queen, give a curious inside view of court life and intrigue when the great Frederick was Crown Prince of Prussia, and are a valuable contribution to the history of those times. The style is simple and natural, and the translation creditable and free.

It is a long step from the Palace of Sans-Souci to the Boston Theatre; but John Bernard's *Retrospections of America*, of the stage, of society, and American public life, are as curious and as valuable, in their own way, as the details of the domestic quarrels and the petty meannesses of foreign kings and queens. John Bernard, an English actor of good repute, arrived in the United States when John Adams, of Massachusetts, was the peer and "right good brother" of the Frederick William of Prussia who succeeded to the throne of Frederick the Great, and when a greater than the great Frederick was passing, on the banks of the Potomac, the last years of a noble life well spent. He saw and knew Washington and Jefferson; he travelled in the pursuit of his profession through almost all of the original States of the Union; he was brought into personal contact with all classes and conditions of Americans; and at the end of twenty years he went back to his own land to write down in a kindly, unprejudiced way the results of what he saw and found in his life among a lately established dynasty of electors who were fast learning the lesson of ruling themselves.

Manners and Social Usages in America are certainly not what they were when John Bernard studied them nearly one hundred years ago; nevertheless, the great national cuspidor still disfigures the State Capitol at Albany and the public buildings at Washington; and Mrs. John Sherwood's book on Etiquette, enlarged and revised, is still necessary to teach very many excellent Americans just what good breeding is, and how easily it can be acquired. While this work hardly comes under the head of biography, it can be noticed briefly here because it maketh the Manners which maketh Man.

No person in America is better qualified to speak of the *Scottish Pulpit* from the beginning of its history as independent of the Church of Rome, and down to the present day, than Dr. William M. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. He is himself a Scottish preacher entirely in sympathy with his subject, and familiar with all its bearings; his labor in this volume has been a labor of love, into which there has entered also a spirit of national enthusiasm and pride. As a writer, as well as a speaker, Dr. Taylor is always fresh, forcible, entertaining, earnest, and original; his latest work is not less charming and valuable than the books which have gone before it, and the thousands of homes throughout the country, and the myriads of libraries of orthodox and heterodox ministers, into which have been received and read with profit and pleasure *David, King of Israel, Elijah the Prophet, Peter the Apostle, Daniel the Beloved, Moses the Law-giver, Paul the Missionary*, and *Joseph the Prime-Minister*, will have a place and a welcome at this Christmas season for his history of the heroes who have pleaded and thundered in the Scotch Kirk since the time of John Knox. The different chapters of the volume were originally read as lectures before the students of the Theological Department of Yale University in the spring of 1886, when Dr. Taylor, for the second time, held the appointment of Lyman Beecher Lecturer to that institution, and when it was felt that they had proved in every way as serviceable to the great cause to which he has devoted his life as any other work of his head and his heart.

The Greek branch of the great Christian Church has not always been in cordial sympathy with the men who preached and practised Christianity in Dr. Taylor's native land; their differences in creed and in form of worship are as many and as great as their differences of language and their habits of life. Mr. Albert F. Heard, in his *Russian Church and Russian Dissent*, gives a vast amount of information regarding religious belief in the Russia of to-day which is not to be found in any single work of its kind in English. His long residence in the Empire of the Czar, his intimate familiarity with the speech of the people, with their customs and their civil and religious history, have given him peculiar opportunities for the study of the middle and lower classes of Russia; and his work is especially valuable on account of its clear and impartial and evidently correct accounts of the most important and numerous of the different Russian dissenting sects, and of the causes and consequences of the famous schism which arose two centuries ago, and still continues.

The Story of the Earth and Man, and *The Origin of the World, according to Revelation and Science*, by Professor J. W. Dawson, are works which Dr. Taylor would be likely to recommend to the students of any theological department of any university in this country or in the world. Sir John Dawson is Superintendent of Education in his native Nova Scotia, Vice-Chancellor of McGill College, Montreal, and in 1886 was president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the highest prize within the grasp of British Scientists, except the presidency of the Royal Society. In 1871-2 he contributed to an English periodical a series of papers in reply to Darwin's "Descent of Man," which attracted great attention among scientific and lay readers on both sides of the Atlantic. They were afterward published in book form under the title of *The Story of the Earth and Man*. *The Origin of the World* was, and is, a series of scientific sermons preached from the text contained in the first and second chapters of the book of Genesis, and was originally published during the past year. His arguments are clear and strong and apparently unanswerable, although his tone is liberal, and his disposition to do justice to all the claims of science is always apparent. Every reverent student of the Old Testament will find in these books great help in determining for himself the precise import of Biblical references to the history of creation, and how these may be made to harmonize with modern scientific teachings and investigation. A second edition of *The Story of the Earth and Man* was prepared by the author a few months ago, in which he made several corrections and additions rendered necessary by the progress of late discovery, and in which he added notes with reference to other new points; but he has seen no valid reason to depart from any of the conclusions and statements made when the book first appeared.

Last Christmas Colonel Knox's "Boy Travellers" dined upon caviare and other Muscovite delicacies in the great *Russian Empire*. This season they are invited to pass the holidays with Henry M. Stanley himself on the banks of the *Congo*, an invitation which will be eagerly accepted by every boy, of whatever age, who has ever travelled with Colonel Knox before. He has piloted his young tourists to all parts of the world, to *South America*, to the *Far East*, to *Siam and Java*, to *Ceylon and India*, to *Egypt and the Holy Land*, and he has always brought them home again, safe and sound, and happier and wiser for their journeyings. An additional pleasure to their enjoyment of Mr. Stanley's African hospitality will lie in the fact that they are his guests as well as Colonel Knox's. The great explorer has asked Colonel Knox to carry them "Through the Dark Continent," over the roads he has laid out and built himself, and he has given their personal conductor a series of passes and passports which will materially lighten their journey and add to its charm and its interest. After paying a high compliment to the "Boy Travellers Series," which every stay-at-home boy will endorse, Mr. Stanley writes to Colonel Knox: "I assure you that it would delight me greatly to have you take your boys, who have followed you through so many lands, on the journey that I made from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo.... By all means take Fred and Frank to the wilds of Africa, let them sail the Equatorial lakes, travel through Uganda, Unyoro, and other countries ruled by dark-skinned monarchs, descend the magnificent and perilous Congo, see the strange tribes and people of that wonderful land, and repeat the adventures and discoveries that made my own journey so eventful." What invitation could be more cordial and hearty than that, Boys? R. S. V. P!

It now remains for Colonel Knox to take his "Boy Travellers" in another year to Mexico and Central America in order to visit *The Ancient Cities of the New World* of which M. Désiré Charnay has written so entertainingly for older readers. There they can study for themselves the remains of the Toltecs, whom the author believes were the original inhabitants of this continent, and who came from the extreme east, and at a much later period than is generally supposed. M. Charnay is a French savant and explorer who was sent out by his own government in 1880, aided materially by the generosity of an American citizen, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, to make a systematic investigation into what are called the ruined cities of Central America, and the other remains of an ancient civilization in that part of the globe. The results of his labors, now for the first time printed in book form, translated by Mrs. J. Gonino and Mrs. Helen S. Conant, and prefaced by an introductory chapter from the pen of Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, have been pronounced the most important contributions to the literature of American antiquities that have yet appeared. The volume has a map and more than two hundred illustrations, is admirably written, ably translated, rich in information, and what is not usually to be found in books of its class, it is bright and entertaining as well.

Most of the "Boy Travellers" are old enough to go with Mr. Warner and Mr. Reinhart on *Their Pilgrimage* among the watering-places of the United States and without a special edition of their own. It is ground with which many American children are perfectly familiar, and despite the charms of novelty and exploration, the pleasantest travel, after all, is that over well-known roads. The average young person in this country will get as much enjoyment out of a description of the miniature harbor, walled round, and perfectly safe and perfectly free, in which he himself has paddled about, and learned to swim at Appledore, Isles of Shoals, as in any picture by artist or author of Mesopotamia, New Grenada, or the Polar Sea. Both Mr. Warner and Mr. Reinhart have the rare faculty of catching quickly and recording clearly and truthfully the characteristics and peculiarities of the summer-young-man and the all-the-year-round-young-woman to be met at American sea-shore and mountain resorts, from Mount Desert to the White Sulphur Springs; and the little halo of romance cast about their varied experiences adds, in many minds, a decided charm to what they saw and did. In manufacture, and in artistic and literary workmanship, this ranks among the best of the holiday books of many seasons.

Mrs. Dinah M. Craik (Miss Mulock) last year made a trip of observation and pleasure through what she termed *An Unknown Country*. Although it lies near her own doors, and is on the broad highway to ours, the North of Ireland, she felt, has been cruelly neglected as a land of travel both by the mother country as well as by the younger nation which has imbibed so much that is sturdy and hearty and strong, not in the matter of poteen, but in the way of blood and flesh, from the Irish of the North. They are what they themselves would call an admirable blend, in spite of the occasional flavoring of Orange bitters; and the Ulster they inhabit is by no means the least beautiful or the least important of her Majesty's dominions. Mrs. Craik wrote in a sympathetic appreciative way even of the climate of the North, and the whole account of her journey and her experiences from Armagh to Tyrone will have an additional and a sad interest now in view of her untimely death only a few weeks ago, and as being among the very last of her published utterances.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott, not very far from the mouth of the Delaware River, has discovered another comparatively unknown country, from whose borders he has returned laden with the richest spoils of the naturalist's keen observation. His *Upland and Meadow*, and his *Waste-Land Wanderings*, both of them published almost within the past year, are very pleasant reading for all lovers and students of out-door life. He discourses of woods and waters, of buzzards and thrushes, of catalpas and creeping vines, of trout and minnows, and of all the interesting inhabitants, permanent and temporary, of those woods and streams which are so close even to city homes, but yet are so far away from their next-door neighbors. He sees things which only the naturalist sees; he records more of little things than the ordinary naturalist considers worthy of recording; and he not only entertains, but he instructs. His books of travel near home have, as books of travel, all of the enchantment which far remoteness lends.

In the garb of a working-man, with the purse of a man of limited means, and with the spirit and physique of a man of good digestion, Mr. Lee Meriwether made a pilgrimage through Europe of an entirely novel kind. His *Tramp Trip* extended over Italy, Switzerland, Bavaria, Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey in Europe, and Russia, and his average expense was a half-dollar *per diem*. He went abroad primarily to collect facts for the United States Bureau of Statistics concerning the general income and expenses of the European working-man in town and country, and the story of his personal, not official, experiences is contained in this interesting book. He saw how the common people of the Old World lived and loved and suffered and rejoiced; he was admitted to their houses upon the footing of an equal; he learned how they earned their daily bread and how they ate it, and re-discovered for himself with what sauce they seasoned it and with what fluid they washed it down. His book is written in a simple style which will appeal to every one interested in travel of any sort and under any circumstances, and the good advice and useful hints it gives to travellers with light letters of credit are not the least valuable of its contents.

The Startling Exploits of Dr. John Baptistin Quiès, from the French of M. Paul Célière, and done into English by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, are quite distinct from the adventures of any of the travellers noticed above. He moved about much against his will and in his own original way; and while his exploits will prove as startling to his readers as to himself, he will be found to be a very amusing travelling companion when one becomes tired of the company of the more serious explorers.

Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin is well known as the author of *The Boys of '76*, *The Story of Liberty*, *Old Times in the Colonies*, and *Building the Nation*. In this last work he treated of events in the history of the Union, from the beginning of the Revolution to the close of the administration of James Buchanan. In his *Drum-Beat of the Nation*, just issued from the press, he gives a detailed account of the first period of the war of secession from its outbreak until the close of 1862, relating its causes and prognosticating its effects. His book is profusely illustrated with portraits of soldiers and statesmen prominent on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, and with battle scenes and war maps, and is a complete record of that more than stirring period of our national life.

A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion, 1861–1865, is much more than its name implies. It is a thorough and scholarly review of the military services of negroes in ancient and modern times, going back many centuries before the Christian era, and almost to the beginning of history itself, and giving the story of the negro's exploits in Hayti, and of the important part he played one hundred years ago in the fight for freedom between the American colonies and the mother land. The part enacted by the blacks in the late war on this continent for their own independence Colonel Williams calls the romance of American history. It was the sudden step from the darkness of Egyptian bondage, which had lasted thousands of years, to the lurid glare of civil war, from clanking chains to crashing arms, from passive, broken-spirited submission to the brilliant aggressiveness of free soldiers, from a chattel to a person, from deep obscurity to the heights of civil and military equality. This is an important side of a many-sided subject which has never before received such complete and impartial treatment in all the literature of the civil war, and it merits the attention of all students of American history.

In his *Horse, Foot, and Dragoons*, Mr. Zogbaum, with his pencil as well as his pen, has painted vivid pictures of army life at home and abroad in those piping times when cartridges are blank and bayonets are unfixed. He shows French and English, German and American soldiers of all ranks and in all branches of services, in barrack and in camp, pipe-claying and sham-fighting, preparing for war in periods of peace, and mixing the stuff of which heroes are to be made under the direction of the heroes made already. His bugles sound a pleasant truce after the serious beating of Mr. Coffin's drum.

There is no make-believe in Tolstoï's *Sebastopol*, which Mr. Millet has so ably translated. It is war, horrible war itself in all its stern reality, intensely real, intensely life-like, and intensely death-like. Nothing more powerful has ever been written by Tolstoi or by any one else than the killing of Captain of Cavalry Pronkonkine in May, 1855, by the shell he watches as it hangs in the air over his head, and drops hissing by his side. For what seems to him, and to the reader, an hour he wonders what will be the result of its explosion to himself and to those about him, particularly to himself; the events of the day, of the week, of all his life, pass slowly in review before him; he thinks of everything he ever did, of everything he ever wished; he hums the Bohemian air he sang the night before; he sees in imagination the form of the woman he loves; the present feeling, the expectation of death never leaving him throughout; but he has a happy escape. The red sparks dance before his eyes; perhaps he has been hit after all; he ceases to see, to hear, to think, to feel. He had been instantly killed by a piece of the shell which struck him in the breast!

Modern Ships of War, by Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, and Rear-Admiral Simpson, of the United States Navy, and late President of the United States Naval Board, as its name implies, is a history of the evolution of the maritime armament and construction of the present day in this country and abroad, and a painful exhibition of our national short-comings and poverty in this respect. The writers are men of unquestioned knowledge and experience, who tell their story in a straightforward seaman-like way, and their papers collected from the columns of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, where they attracted so much attention even among lay readers, have been felt to be well worth preserving. They are profusely illustrated, and are introduced and edited by Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N., a writer of recognized authority upon the subject.

Among the books relating to the Fine Arts, Dr. Franz von Reber's *History of Ancient Art*, and his *History of Mediæval Art* are always new. They go to the beginning, as well as to the middle of things artistic; and being thoroughly good books, no art library and no art education are complete without them. Dr. von Reber is the Director of the Bavarian Royal and State Galleries of Painting, and Professor in the University and Polytechnic of Munich. In these two volumes he traces step by step the development of art in a manner as briefly, as clearly, and as impartially as the vast theme will permit. They serve equally well as an introduction to the study of the subject, and as profound treatises to which the advanced student may refer with profit; and he has succeeded in securing to the fine arts their proper place in the history of mankind as the chief record of various stages of civilization, and as the most trustworthy expression of the faith, the sentiments, and the emotions of past ages. His style is pleasant and simple, and his translator, Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, is not only thoroughly equipped by training and by natural gifts for his task, but he has had the advantage of doing the greater part of his work under the immediate direction of Dr. von Reber himself. The two volumes, bound uniformly, are enriched with upward of eight hundred illustrations, and each has a valuable Glossary of Technical Terms.

When it first appeared about a year ago, *She Stoops to Conquer*, illustrated by Mr. Abbey, was considered, without question, *the* art-book of the season, and the Opinions of Certain Notable Critics upon Mr. Abbey's share of the work, printed in various English and American journals, make most interesting reading now. Mr. George William Curtis called it "a union of choice and permanent literature, of exquisite and characteristic art, and of the highest typographical skill." Mr. Austin Dobson, who furnished a charming Introduction to it in rhyme, wrote: "It seems to attain the very summit of excellence and skill. I am very proud of my humble position with regard to it." Mr. Henry James said: "No work in black and white in our time has been more truly artistic, and certainly no success more unqualified. The artist has given us a complete evocation of a social state to its smallest details, and has done it with an unsurpassable lightness of touch." Mr. Howells called attention to the arch-humor, the delicate sense of character, and the relish for broad fun which Mr. Abbey has brought to the interpretation of this masterpiece of English literature, and declared that the artist had "applied such skill and such sympathy to his work that he fairly made himself a partner of the dramatic enterprise." Mr. Lathrop said that "the comedy has, through the magic of Mr. Abbey's pencil, found at last a setting which will not often be rivalled upon the stage, and never in print"; and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, putting himself in the dramatist's place, wonders what poor Goldsmith, when he penned the comedy, would have thought of the honors which were in store for it at the end of its first hundred years. Nothing in addition to all this can be said of the volume now, except that it can still speak for itself even more than was then spoken of it.

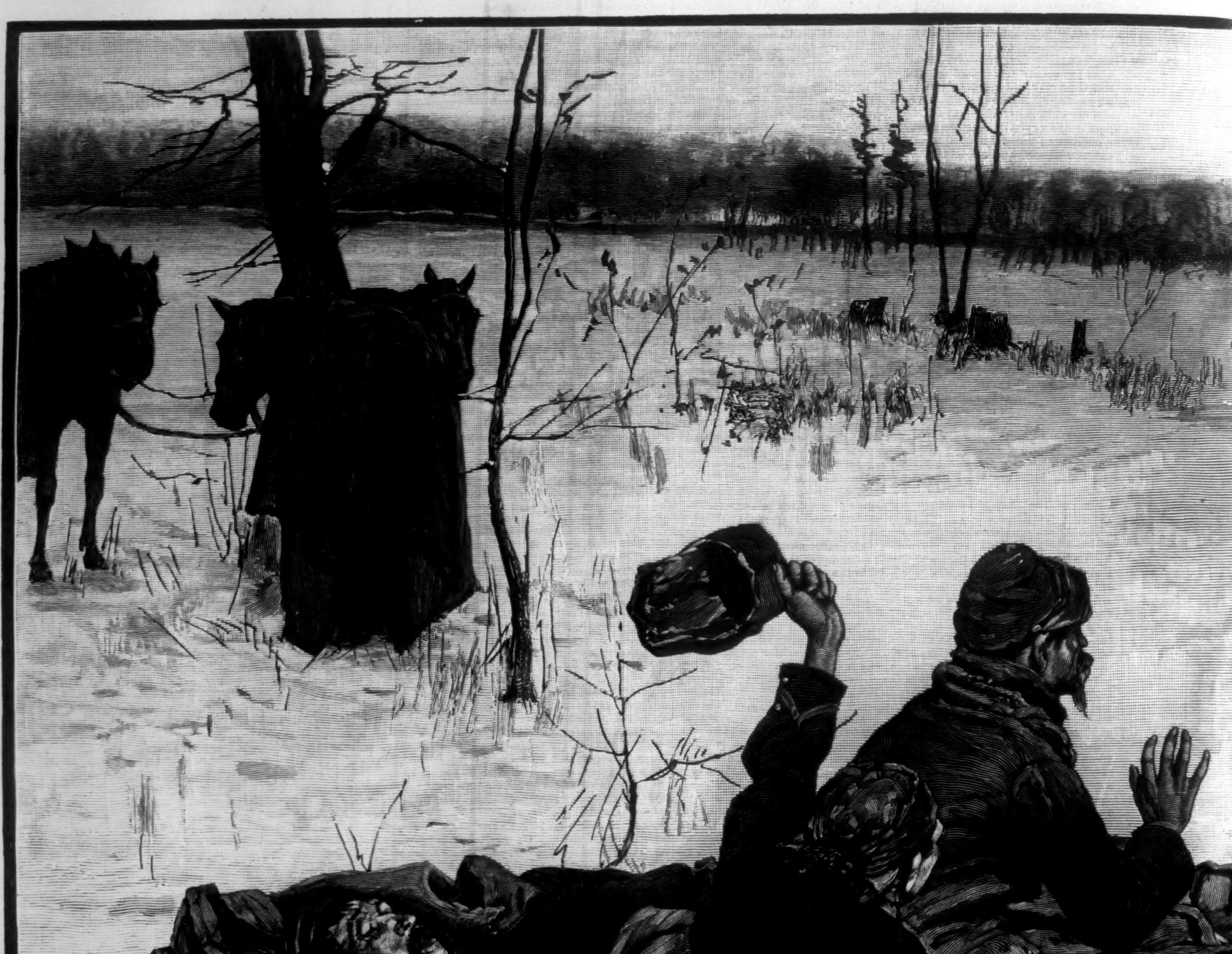
The Raven of Poe and *The Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge, both illustrated by Gustave Doré, and Mr. Abbey's own edition of *Herrick's Poems*, published in 1882, are proper companions, as Holiday Art Books, to *She Stoops to Conquer*. In his drawings of the figures and scenes in "The Hesperides" Mr. Abbey is said to have achieved the finest results of illustrative art since the days of William Blake. He has certainly done much to make Robert Herrick better known to this far-off generation; and those who do not know Herrick at all can never make his acquaintance in more congenial society or under more delightful circumstances. Mr. Abbey's style is like that of no other artist, with the exception, perhaps, of those artists who endeavor to imitate it.

The *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is precisely in Doré's peculiar vein; he must have revelled in the marvellous legend, and been in entire sympathy with the fantastic impressions and violent emotions which moved the poet's brain in writing it. In *The Raven*, Doré had the co-operation not only of Poe himself, but of Mr. Stedman, who contributed a charming "Comment" on the poem by way of Introduction, and of Mr. Vedder who was represented on the title-page. The engraving is admirable and the typography perfect; and it was this superb volume which led the London *Academy* to ask in 1883 "are all the best books this season to come to us from America?"

Two art books for young persons are *The Wonder Clock*, by Mr. Howard Pyle, and *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers*, by Mr. Frank French and Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. In the latter the poet and the painter have combined to illustrate, by means of drawings and verse, the affectionate relationship between the birds of the field and the blossoms of the household. Mr. French has made twenty studies of children's heads with many floral embellishments of flowering plants and clinging vines scattered throughout the letter-press. The baby faces of the full-page illustrations are the typical faces of American childhood, the Amy Clares, and the Margys, and every other elf and sprite who hand in hand with fairy grace sing, and dance, and bless by their presence each kingdom called Home over which they rule. Mrs. Sangster's little poems are as simple and tender in their way as the *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers* they celebrate in this beautiful volume.

In his *Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young Folk*, Mr. Howard Pyle a Christmas or two ago succeeded in touching and tickling the sensitive palates of very many young folk, who have not yet forgotten the pleasant taste that was then left in their mouths. This Christmas he puts on a certain dream-cap he has invented, and he sets going for the same young folk a *Wonder Clock*, which is certain to tick out more that is strange and delightful than their own dream-caps have shown them since the beginning of their own times. He has a marvellous tale for every hour in the day, and each tale is illustrated by at least half a dozen of those quaint and charming drawings which young folk and old have learned to look for over Mr. Pyle's familiar initials. He shows his versatility as an artist in his subjects and in their treatment, and his stories are quite as delightful as his art. His sister, Miss Katharine Pyle, has embellished the volume with pleasant verses, and the *Wonder Clock* is a veritable chronometer which will make even time in its flight backward turn backward for children of a larger growth than those for whom it was originally wound up.

Engravings on Wood by the Society of American Wood-Engravers, with an Introduction and Descriptive Text by Mr. William M. Laffan, in a way entirely its own ranks with the best Holiday Books of other years. It contains the most perfect examples of the only department of art in which this country can be said to stand pre-eminent, as the art students, the art critics, and the artists themselves of other lands freely admit. The wonderful progress which has brought American wood-engraving to its present condition of perfection has been made apparent only during the last ten or fifteen years, and it owes its growth, as Mr. Laffan shows, primarily to the growth of the publishing trade which has fostered and encouraged it, as the success of the publishing trade, in all its immediate and outlying branches and affluents, is due in a great measure to the excellence of the illustrations so common in American periodical literature, as well as in bound books of all kinds. Good pictures require good text and good typography; and what the wood-engravers have done for themselves, for their wonderful development, and for the painters they reflect so faithfully, they have done for American books in general, and for the national honor. Fifteen of the leading American Engravers on Wood are represented in this volume by twenty-five plates which, with but one exception, are from American paintings. Each print is a gem in its way, to which Mr. Laffan has done full and critical justice in the letter-press accompanying it, and his Introduction is a concise and complete history of Wood-Engraving in the United States, which might well serve as a hand-book to the subject.



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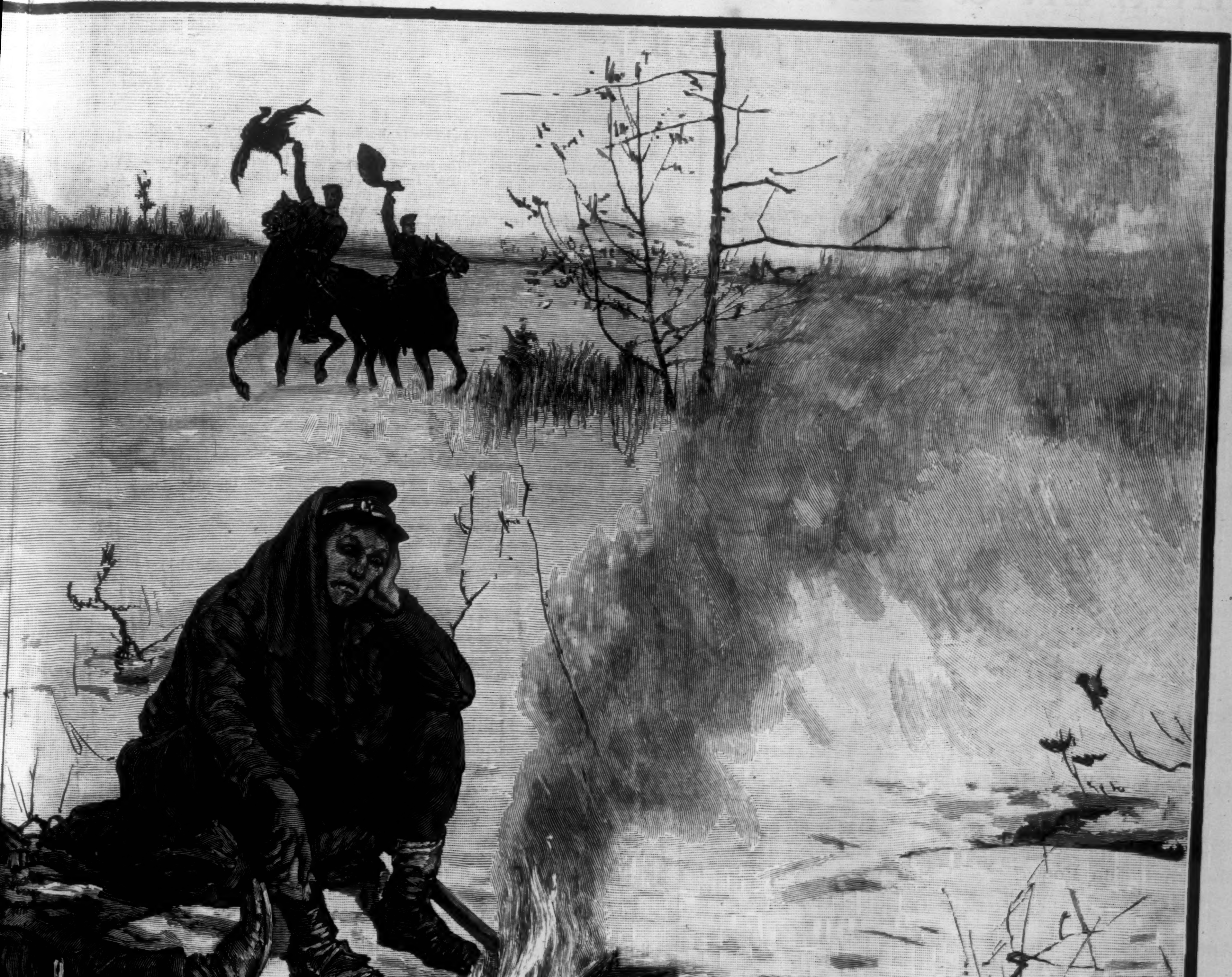

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